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MUSICAL AMERICA

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The Resumé of a Great Contest

Summing Up the Premiere of Bloch's "America"

By Hollister Noble

THE most impressive premiere ever attending a symphonic work occurred last Thursday, Friday and Saturday when the major symphony orchestras of seven great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific performed Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, 'America,' the prize winning score of Musical America's symphony contest.

Eleven performances (including four repetitions) were heard by 40,000 to 50,000 people. Over 12,000 people jammed the great Civic Auditorium of San Francisco for the event. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, intends to perform 'America' twice in New York and once in Brooklyn. Other orchestras will perform the work in January and February.

America was performed in the following cities last week:

¶ The Philharmonic-Symphony, New York, Walter Damrosch conducting.

¶ The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting.

¶ The Philadelphia Orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, guest conductor.

¶ The Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock conducting.

¶ The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner conducting.

¶ The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conducting.

¶ The Los Angeles Philharmonic, Georg Schneevoght conducting.

¶ Two college orchestras, the University School of Music Orchestra, Ann Arbor, Joseph P. Maddy conducting, and the Brown University Orchestra, Providence, R. I., conducted by Walter H. Butterfield, also participated in the premiere.

The Cleveland Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conducting, was scheduled to perform the work on Thursday and Friday of this week.

It is impossible to reproduce in full the avalanche of critical discussion and comment aroused by Mr. Bloch's work and published in papers across the Continent. On succeeding pages this journal has endeavored to publish in as complete a form as space permits the verdicts of leading critics in New York and other cities. Additional reports will be published next week.

It is imperative to point out that Musical America is not concerned with the critical judgments bestowed upon Bloch's work. The task of this journal consisted in organizing and sponsoring the contest; in enlisting the support of prominent judges and endeavoring to see to it that the prize winning work was presented to the public in as effective and widespread a manner as possible; in

providing an unparalleled opportunity for a great many people over the country to hear it and to form their own opinion of its worth. That task is done.

What We Wish to Say

Naturally we are not publishing our own review of the work. And what the exact and ultimate status of Bloch's 'America' may be we do not know. But there are certain elements and qualities inherent in Mr. Bloch's score which make us proud and happy to have sponsored it. Mr. Bloch has had the courage to attempt on an audacious scale something composers have discussed for the last fifty years. He has carried out this attempt with fine passion, with a singleness of purpose, a rugged simplicity and a driving power of expression which command our whole-hearted admiration and affection.

Mr. Bloch set out with a tremendous purpose in mind. His subject, his methods, his own attitude towards the work were peculiarly dangerous from a musical purist's point of view because of the many extraneous considerations which could not be divorced from such a project. Not the least interesting result of the premiere last week are the reviews. Some of these reviews very evidently come from gentlemen of the press who are at once music critics and men of maturity. A few clippings apparently emanate from ward politicians

and assistant commissioners of immigration. They are all interesting.

Is it good music and does it achieve its purpose? That is all we need to know. It is interesting but not entirely relevant to know that Mr. Bloch was born in Switzerland, that he is a Jew, that he likes mushrooms, adores San Francisco, detests New York and hasn't been in Cleveland since 1925.

Mr. Downes of the New York Times has discussed these questions and many more at some length in his columns. He crystallizes the opinion of this paper when he remarks:

"What we know is that an important contribution has been made by a great composer to the literature of American music."

We wish there were more Americans like Ernest Bloch. But above all we wish there were more composers like him.

To the Judges

To the five eminent conductors, without whose discriminating voluntary aid a just recognition of the prize winning opus would not have been secured, Musical America wishes to express its grateful appreciation. Messrs. Stock, Damrosch, Koussevitzky, Hertz and Stokowski accepted Musical America's invitation to act as adjudicators with a full realization of the responsibility and labor that they thereby assumed. During their summer vacations and in the height of the concert season, when each was beset with the manifold difficulties that attach to program building of the calibre that great cities demand, these gentlemen undertook an added, and delicately weighty burden. The painstaking examination of the many submitted scores under these conditions was no trifling matter. Its completion, as a decision unanimously achieved, is somewhat of a triumph when it is considered, furthermore, that the five judges are residentially situated in sections of these United States that are considerably removed from each other.

The painstaking manner in which they carried out their rehearsals and their performances; their interest and their enthusiasm which found expression in their own plans for the simultaneous premiere deserve the profound gratitude of all concerned in this symphony contest since its inception.

To Mr. C. C. Birchard of Boston and his colleagues in the eminent publishing house which bears his name go the sincere thanks of this paper for his invaluable assistance in carrying out the prompt publication of the prize winning score and attending to all details concerning performance rights and plans for future presentations.

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What the New York Critics Say:

W. J. Henderson, *The Sun*

THE concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall had a special importance because it brought with it the first performance of Ernest Bloch's "epic rhapsody" entitled "America." This work won the prize of \$3,000 offered by MUSICAL AMERICA for the best symphonic composition.

The judges, Leopold Stokowski, Walter Damrosch (who conducted this performance), Frederick Stock, Alfred Hertz and Serge Koussevitzky, unanimously chose it from ninety-two scores. It is not practicable to present within the limits of an endurable matter prepared in explanation of this creation and only a mere outline can be offered. It is clear, however, that the composer set out with a tremendous purpose in mind, and though he did not quite accomplish it, he made a gallant and even imposing gesture.

Mr. Bloch desired to sing the inevitable results of the ideals of this country, a union of all races under voluntarily accepted guidance in one universal race, strong and great. "These things and many others," dryly remarked Aristotle in reviewing Plato's "Republic," "have been invented several times over in the course of the ages." It might be added that the method adopted by Mr. Bloch in filling his own tall order has been invented several times. It consists of translating history into tone poems by utilizing music of different periods and peoples; but of that more anon. It is more imperative at this moment to note that the composer had also in mind the filling of a long-felt want by supplying us with a national anthem suitable for every day singing.

A sizable chorus encouraged the audience to chant the anthem. But it must be recorded with a properly chastened sorrow that this anthem is precisely the least important part of Mr. Bloch's rhapsody. There is reason to fear that it will not displace the formidable tune which salutes Old Glory at 8 A. M. wherever the unsuppressed navy carries it.

The rhapsody is in three parts. The first movement begins with a musical revelation of the undiscovered continent, the wind sighing through the virgin forests and the Indian droning his monotonous chant. The composer has employed native material with felicity and musicianly skill. His prolonged ground bass and unchanging harmony are apt. They show a comprehension of Indian music, which has not been the good fortune of some American-born composers. A trumpet sounds a theme entitled "The Call of America to the World." The English arrive with an old march. These are the pilgrim fathers. The development of the movement now shows us the struggles and hardships of the settlers. The Indian drum beats its threat. But the pilgrims answer with "Old Hundred." The movement ends in peaceful mood. It is skillfully constructed and interesting to hear.

The second movement is labeled "1861-1865. Hours of Joy; Hours of Sorrow." The music starts in the Sunny South gently and with a touch of melancholy, but presently the Negro sings, Foster sings for him with "Old Folks at Home," and everything grows lively till we recognize "Pop goes the weasel," which speedily melts into "Hail Columbia." After a resounding climax there is a fetching quotation of the Creole song, "M'sieu Banjo." Then comes war with "John Brown's Body," "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." The movement ends in lamentations. It stirs the blood with its old war songs and its swiftly passing medley of rhythms.

The title of the third movement is "1926. The Present, the Future." It is the jazz age and Mr. Bloch rivals

All the critical comment in the following reviews has been retained. Space does not permit the original articles being reprinted in full.

Mr. Gershwin in his brilliant treatment of "blues." He also rivals Mr. Carpenter of "Skyscrapers" fame with his depiction of the turmoil of the machine era. He too, has an automobile horn. The prophetic soul of Tilly Haynes marches on. But prosperity ruins the country and there are wails of distress and a crash. Thereupon the composer returns to his beginning and America rebuilds herself—shall we say, "bigger and better than ever?" A piling up of effects leads to the anthem toward which we have been told the whole rhapsody was pointing. We rise and sing, we who have risen and sung Bach chorales at Bethlehem of the Lehigh Valley. We are very sad. We should be glorified; we are not; we are depressed. We wish so varied and well-crowded a rhapsody had led to something better.

The composition is the creation of a gifted composer who is a master of the techniques of his craft. It glows with color. It gleams with eager and volatile glimpses into the past, the present and the future. It grasps boldly at things probably intangible. It pants after elusive visions, enchanting phantoms, which it never quite overtakes. Yet it is a work to be heard with respect for the profound sincerity in which it was conceived and the lofty earnestness with which it was evolved. One would be glad to believe it a masterpiece, but it falls short of conviction. Despite the transcendent orchestral garb and the magnificent trumpetings of the motto theme, "The Call of America to the World," its message does not assume the majesty of authority. It is the plea of a passionate soul, not the command of an imperial genius.

Lawrence Gilman, *Herald Tribune*

AS THE finale of Ernest Bloch's prize-winning symphony "America" neared its climax under Walter Damrosch the gray-haired veteran on the podium turned and signaled to the audience, and 3,000 diffident Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers rose obediently to their feet as the orchestra and chorus burst into the opening measures of the Anthem with which Mr. Bloch concludes his symphony.

But it must be sorrowfully recorded that the audience, while it complacently stood up, declined to sing—at least this chronicler observed no moving lips and heard no ringing B flats from the throats of those about him; though Mr. Damrosch, in a happily phrased speech from the stage, had drawn attention to the composer's wish that the audience "join in the singing of the Anthem, becoming thus an active part of the work and its message of love and faith."

Perhaps the audience could not read at sight the music printed in the leaflet distributed with the programs; perhaps they were unaccustomed to public cantillation; perhaps the incurable American self-consciousness closed their throats. At all events, they failed to burst into patriotic song, and left the job of voicing Mr. Bloch's anthem to the professional choristers on the stage and to the players in the orchestra, who performed the task with competence and fervor; indeed, we have not heard this season a more effective performance under Mr. Damrosch than his eloquent reading of Mr. Bloch's symphony. The composer was fortunate in the quality of this premiere.

It is a breath-taking, a truly great conception that Mr. Bloch set out to

embody in his symphony. He has dared to place at the head of his score the proudly consecrating words of Walt Whitman: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." Indeed, Whitman and his exalted democratic ideal for America have been Mr. Bloch's inspiration, as he confesses. He tells us that his symphony was written "in love for this country, in reverence for its past, in faith in its future"; and he has dedicated it to the memory of Whitman and of one other—Abraham Lincoln, "whose vision upheld its inspiration."

These are mighty names, mighty memories, indeed; lofty regions for the creative spirit to approach. No wonder Mr. Bloch undertook the conception of his work with fervor, with the burning eye of prophetic exaltation. For he has tried to utter in his music no less heroic a conviction than that which he once voiced in a letter to an acquaintance—the conviction "that life could be possible and beautiful." And he sees America as the fulfiller of that audacious dream.

A vaulting scheme, "epic" indeed, in Mr. Bloch's own word. For the symphony as a whole is nothing less than an implicit hymn to the noblest ideal that can sway the artist affected with a sense of human destiny—that ideal of universal brotherhood which has included Beethoven and Schiller, Mahler and Whitman, in its capacious, far-flung net. This symphony is, in intention at least, as truly an epic of democracy as "Leaves of Grass" itself. Mr. Bloch, like Whitman, would be, and is, "the poet of comrades." He sees the nation, like the universe itself, as "a road, as many roads, as roads for traveling souls." Adapting Whitman, he might say, with truth and without arrogance, "my spirit has passed in compassion and determination across the world of men."

Mr. Bloch has changed in various ways since he arrived amongst us a dozen years ago; and if one may judge his present spiritual and aesthetic temper from this latest work, he has come to realize the ancient truth that our only hope of enduring happiness lies in our privilege of seeing it through other men's eyes. Perhaps he has learned that Destiny is little to be trusted as a dispenser of enduring personal delight—that even the wind on the heath can bring an unutterable sadness upon the spirit. He may have remembered, with Pindar, that man is a dream about a shadow; and that the only radiance that can fall upon him here is that sudden light which shows him, with magical and tender clarity, those other souls that flock continually about his own—that are, indeed, himself.

So, behind Mr. Bloch's imposing drama of the birth of a nation, and its rise and fall and promised reclamation, you will find this ancient parable of the troubled human heart, and of the fellowship of faith and love; and this parable Mr. Bloch, a humanist and democrat, passionate and nobly violent, has woven into the dramatic pageantry of his score with a skill, a resourcefulness, and, in its finest moments, with an eloquence that haunts and stirs.

His musical method is a daring one, for he has seemingly courted the danger of being fragmentary and episodic. An artist with a lesser power of integration would have given us here what Mr. Bloch's score never becomes—a medley, a potpourri. At first glance you would say that a symphony could

with difficulty achieve coherence if its score were woven of such incongruous strands as Mr. Bloch has placed upon this music's loom.

Yet out of this astonishing medley issues a powerful and moving unity. The strands cohere, the patterns are complementary, the colors do not run. This is due in part to the use of an integrating theme, a sort of "motto," which pervades the symphony; but it is quite as much because these fantastically assorted elements have been fused in the burning intensity of Mr. Bloch's imaginative concept.

The music at its best is deeply touching. There are pages of rare poetic beauty, others that are poignantly dramatic. Such passages are the Indian "Death Song," with the following episode in which the wailing strings, suggesting a "grief" motive of which Johann Sebastian Bach was fond, are heard beneath the lament of the clarinet; the treatment of "Old Hundreth" toward the end; the whole of the second movement, with its polyphonic complex of popular tunes and Civil War songs (who would have thought that "Pop Goes the Weasel" could be turned into delicate and bewitching loveliness? a feat which Mr. Bloch achieves); the G major passage in which the oboe sings a Creole folksong; the movement's dirge-like close; in the Finale, the approach to the assertion of the hymn of faith and love. These things are memorable; they are not only authentically American in character and implication, but they are music that enlarges the imagination, enriches the possessive sense of beauty.

It must be said that the climax of the work, the Anthem that brings it to its peak, is not on a level with the best of the music in the score. This is scarcely one of Mr. Bloch's more treasurable inventions, not because it is popular and simple, but because it grazes dangerously the trite and the banal. One thinks of the refrain of "The Holy City," and one would rather not.

Yet the passion and sincerity of the composer come near to transfiguring even this inferior page. You cannot but share the lofty fervor of his mood as he arrives at that gravely splendid hour of illumination when he perceives that the holy of holies is full, not of abstract divinity, but of the hearts of men, and knows that "the souls of the living are the beauty of the world."

Olin Downes, *The Times*

ERNEST BLOCH'S "America" symphony, also called an "epic rhapsody" in three parts, was given a performance of a spectacular nature by Walter Damrosch and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The production attracted a large and very representative audience. The symphony concludes with an anthem, of which the words as well as the music are the composer's.

He is one of the few composers of genius living today, a man whose compositions have indubitable sincerity and creative fire, and the technic and the intellectual background which go to the making of great music.

It is the land that begot Lincoln and Whitman and not the land of material prosperity which he sings. To those great spirits his score is dedicated.

All this material is bound together by a motive which stems from the Anthem, the Call of America, and permeates the entire score, developing gradually to final form in the Anthem. Writing this Anthem, Mr. Bloch said he had composed a tune which "a boot-black might understand." He has had, and has indulged, the dream of more

"The Season's Most Debatable New Music"

than one great musician before him, of a work which should unite whole communities through the expression of democratic ideal. He has fashioned an Anthem for everyman to sing.

But this conviction has its pitfalls. The symphony rivals some magnificent pages. The opening is simple and peculiarly impressive. There are pages of sweep and grandeur in the opening movement.

The beginning of the slow movement is Celtic in its color, because of the problem origin of the ballad tune of the South, and poetic in mood. There are powerful pages, technically, dramatically, in the battle music. But the most individual pages, in expression and effect, are those in which Bloch the prophet curses the crassness and materialism of certain phases of present American life, as his ancestral prophets cursed of old. This music is intended as parody, as invective, and it fully justifies its purposes. The Anthem, concerning which the composer has expressed his anticipation that it would be disapproved by "highbrows," is, in fact, one of the most obvious parts of the work.

It is not easy to estimate a score of this kind, and this quality, after a hearing. Preconceptions on the part of the average citizen are sometimes harmful to artistic perspective. When a few notes of "Pop Goes the Weasel" are given, with beautiful color, to a group of wind instruments, the result, which might be of haunting beauty to a European, seems to an American a little artificial, pretentious. He has whistled this tune in a mood of disrespectful hilarity in the bathtub. The solo horn, intoning "Old Folks at Home," quotes a beloved American song, but this melody is a little obvious and sentimental with its context. Beethoven, for the finale of the Ninth Symphony, wrote a simple diatonic tune which is very obvious, and which, as one commentator remarked, "could have been composed by any Maine organist."

Perhaps this is an exaggeration of the capacities of the Maine organist, but it illustrates the point involved. And so, when a native of Tiflis heard the "Scheherazade" suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff, he was not impressed, but disappointed. "Why," he said, "we hear such tunes every day in Tiflis."

At the same time, we do not believe that these considerations fully explain a measure of disappointment in the Bloch symphony. Part of this disappointment may have been due to the performance of the work, which, while it is not of immense technical difficulty for the instruments, presents many delicate interpretative problems to the conductor. The piece is necessarily rather episodic, in spite of the binding power of the America motive which haunts it, and it is difficult, under the circumstances, to give such an elaborate structure unflinching unity.

There were other shortcomings of a purely technical quality, among them some poor balances, and nuances not carefully observed. Future performances of this work and increasing finish in its interpretation, may well give it more conciseness and continuity. But it remains that the music, for all its force, sincerity and passion, is more exterior in its general character than other representative scores of Bloch, and is programmatic and episodic by its very nature.

The scoring of course, is very brilliant. Suddenly the most beautiful panoramas unfold themselves, as it were, to the ear. The composer's dramatic temperament explodes here and there with memorable results. But the music seems to come from an upper layer of his consciousness. The conscious thought, the passionate expression of an ideal, are unmistakable. But music comes from still a deeper source, especially with Mr. Bloch, who

is greatest when he is the least literal, or pragmatic, or anything but overwhelmingly musical.

Oscar Thompson,
The Evening Post

THE season's most debatable new music was played by the Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Bloch's "America" must ungrudgingly be described as in many respects a remarkable work. Unfortunately, its weakest detail—also its most unusual and its most provocative one—is that which must be spoken of first.

The composer has told how he was fired with a desire to write a new American anthem. He wrote it. Around it he built this Rhapsody. "America! America!" became a motto theme. He built his symphonic edifice to culminate in his hymn and made known his desire that audiences stand and sing when the hymn was reached. In so doing he all but threw to the winds the many pages of very fine writing he had written in the Rhapsody.

The hymn, it is true, was the corner stone, the very *raison d'être* of the work. But yesterday's audience, rising as bidden by Mr. Damrosch, found itself confronted with the most commonplace music, as a setting for words quite as inferior as the worst of our patriotic songs. If the Bloch symphony lives—and it contains music that deserves to live—it will be in spite of and not because of the anthem which seems to have so enthralled the composer. Since this must be recognized as a serious art work, and not the popular potpourri a lesser composer might have made of much the same material, there should be no mincing matters regarding this anthem. It is wretched stuff. Any church hymn book contains twenty to forty better.

The ungrateful business of the anthem disposed of, the remainder of the Rhapsody calls for more cautious consideration. The composer's avowed intention was to present a vast panorama of national development, from the days of the aborigines to a future era

of spirituality and universal brotherhood, prophesied in succession to the machine-ruled materially-minded, jazz-amused America of today. Part one bears the date 1620, with a summary: "The Soil—The Indians—England—The Mayflower—The Landing of the Pilgrims." Part two sweeps the listener to the period of 1861-65; "Hours of joy—Hours of Sorrow," and the throes of the Civil War. Part three leaps to 1926, "The Present—The Future." The anthem crowns it all—but in a sense more nearly that of a rough-and-ready street use of the word than the one Mr. Bloch, unless he is the most colossal of jesters, intended. To quote William Spier's analysis, "The conclusion, triumphant and free, uses 'Yankee Doodle' in augmentation."

With such a superabundance of subject matter, it was not surprising to find the score one of doubtful cohesion and unity. Mr. Bloch expended lavishly of his mastery of technical resource to tie his work together and succeeded to the extent that it never falters and at no time seems in danger of going to pieces structurally. One may well wonder whether any master, living or dead, could have done more. That it should remain episodic was inevitable. Not even the employment of themes in counterpoint of high dexterity could enable the composer to juggle so multitudinous an array of ideas other than spasmodically. It is amazingly to his credit that the result is not a mere farrago, a galinatas of stale tunes. "Pop Goes the Weasel" may have popped a little too weasel-like after "Swanee River," but it popped.

The most appealing pages of the score, however, were not those the most heavily studded with quotations. There was charm in the Amerindic opening, and haunting loveliness in the English horn solo and subsequent string quartet passage of the Southern picture. Even finer was the development leading up to the disappointing anthem, with a return to the music of nature, with its "primal sanities," as the way of escape from the machine-and-jazz-ridden present en route to the higher planes of Whitmania.

Leonard Liebbling, The American

IN the Pleiocene period of American musical history there was a Boston bandmaster named Gilmore, who used to give huge patriotic jubilees, in the most imposing of which he conducted an orchestra of 2,000 pieces, a chorus of 20,000 voices, reinforced by anvils, chimes of church bells and a battery of cannon fired by electricity. In a way, the Gilmore equipment would have been appropriate at the Carnegie Hall concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra when Walter Damrosch led the New York premiere of Felix Bloch's new work, "America,"

Bloch is wrong in saying that no other composers have written "a big work reflecting the spirit and idea of America," but they have handled only sections of the subject, while he set himself the task of compiling musically the complete history of this country, for young and old.

It is a stupendous undertaking, but apparently it did not terrify the valiant and idealistic Swiss-American.

While Bloch left out practically nothing, he put much in. His contributions consist of continuous good writing—he cannot write badly, as he is a master-musician—meaningful and arresting counterpoint, harmony and orchestration and an abundance of refined and lovely treatment of tunes in themselves frequently somewhat banal.

"America" takes something over an hour to perform but it does not seem over-long, for one is cross-puzzling all the time trying to pick out the familiar melodies and endeavoring to run them down into their contrapuntal hiding-places.

As a whole, "America" handles too big a "program" to be thoroughly effective all the time, but it is interesting throughout and has some very beautiful moments, as in the close of Part I and the threnody of Part II.

The new national anthem (with its close unconsciously suggesting "The Watch on the Rhine"), will not add to Bloch's fame as a creator, nor will the piece even partially supplant "the English drinking song," as the heart-enshrined national air of our land.

Samuel Chotzinoff,
The World

TOWARD the end of Ernest Bloch's new \$3,000 prize-winning epic rhapsody "America," Mr. Walter Damrosch turned toward his enraptured subscribers and made signs for them to join in the singing of the anthem, which brings Mr. Bloch's work to a climax and a finish.

From a first hearing I should say that the eminent Swiss-American composer has carried out his epic intention admirably. One might even predict that "America" will do for America what the "Birth of a Nation" and other epic movies have done for it. There is, indeed, in Mr. Bloch's art, as exemplified in his epic rhapsody, a similarity to Mr. Griffith's. There is the same brilliant manipulation of historical material, the same stress upon the emotional side of patriotism. Mr. Bloch has gathered the more representative tunes of every section of our country and utilized them with shattering and cumulative effect.

The audience, perhaps too deeply moved, forgot to sing the anthem and applauded in a dazed, deeply preoccupied manner. Later in the afternoon Mr. Harold Bauer played Frank's "Symphonic Variations" in his usual artistic fashion and Mr. Damrosch wound up with George Gershwin's "American in Paris," a low intruder, I thought, in Mr. Bloch's epic world.



Ernest Bloch with his two daughters, Lucienne and Susanne

"The Most Remarkable Prize-piece . . . Yet Written"

Richard Stokes, *The Evening World*

HISSES, resolute and prolonged, whistled across the applause which followed the first performance of Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," under the direction of Walter Damrosch. The denouement of the work is a proposed national anthem, which the conductor, by wish of the composer, requested the audience to sing. The subscribers arose, but their lips remained mute—perhaps from diffidence, possibly out of embarrassment before a singularly banal melody and some of the most detestable doggerel ever scribbled by poetaster.

It should be added that Mr. Bloch's patriotic psalm—the climax of the creation inspired by his feeling that "an old drinking song ('The Star-Spangled Banner') was not fit for the song of America"—is the feeblest portion of a portentous essay, ranging from the sublime to the ignoble. When Mr. Bloch spoke in his own person, as interpreter and seer, his music winged aloft with an Old Testament passion and sincerity which almost disguised the sentimental chauvinism of his emotions. Unfortunately he conceived his mission as a collector, with the result that a quantity of musical vermin—such as "Pop goes the Weasel," "Old Folks at Home" and "John Brown's Body"—was embalmed in the amber of his Homeric strains.

It was clear that Mr. Bloch's intellect is still in its romantic adolescence, and if it is objected that Beethoven himself succumbed to philanthropic rage in the finale of the "Choral" symphony, then we shall reply that Beethoven's subconscious good sense compelled him to express not so much joy as a will to joy in the brotherhood of man.

That the performance failed of complete justice to the score may well be credited, and those with further curiosity concerning the merits of the work will await with interest a production which Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra are expected to give to "America" in this city.

Charles D. Isaacson,
The Telegraph

AS the prize composition, "America," reached its concluding bars in the reminiscence of a melody of beloved patriotic memory, and the audience applauded with the warmest and most sincere demonstration which has greeted any new work this year, above the din of hands and voices a hiss slid through the massed harmonies. Men and women gathered at Carnegie Hall, to hear the Philharmonic-Symphony, paused aghast. And following the sibilant and noisy impeachment to its ugly source, they saw standing one Eugene Bonner, a critic.

That hiss will remain noising its way through music's history here in America. It will serve to clarify this particular situation and the whole music situation, and to draw contrast sharply, as gathering generations add their cheers for Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, "America."

Ernest Bloch, man of Switzerland, naturalized citizen of America, great heart, great soul, great man of vision, sought to write an Epic of this, his adopted country.

Skillfully, miraculously, with the only material there is at hand, has Ernest Bloch woven the texture of a Musical Fabric, which sings the Tapestry of America's biography—with the only material there is at hand, the songs of

the people, has he divined an Epic which thrills the listeners to his fingertips, and calls forth the mad, the frantic, the uncompromising hunger, to be a true son of his nation.

Not in all time has a composer of this continent made a master work out of the folk tunes to equal this unparalleled composition of Ernest Bloch.

Musically, "America" will not attain the rank of the "Israel Symphony." But as far as humanity is concerned, this score will outstrip anything written in this country to reconcile the people in their climb to the classics.

The ingenuity of the composer's is stupendous. His command of the orchestra is that of a titan. And his ability to turn a phrase into a poignant and sweeping emotion is uncanny.

Irving Weil, *The Journal*

THE difference between elaborately manufactured Americanism in music and the spontaneously real thing was strikingly illustrated at the concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. It was the difference between Ernest Bloch's new symphony, "America," loaded with flamboyant patriotism, obvious musical device and about a ton of American popular tunes and George Gershwin's "An American in Paris" which was immediately recognizable as Jazzbo on Montparnasse—the jaunty, cocky and clever aspect of Uncle Sam that is indisputable.

For here was Mr. Bloch, born a

Swiss and only recently naturalized as an American, evolving the spirit of Rotary, in music as representative of America, whilst Mr. Gershwin, born in Brooklyn, almost casually turned off something that is probably the most characteristically American music that has ever been written for the symphonic band.

His scheme of historical review is carried out through the almost childish simple expedient of quotation. He begins with snips of American Indian tunes, proceeds to several English folk-tunes and hymns, notably "Old Hundred" (the Mayflower and the Pilgrims) and after he gets into his stride, travels all over the map of these States for the most popular airs associated with North and South. In the last movement there is the inevitable sheaf of jazz tunes. Through all this there runs a reiterated intimation of the new national anthem whose beginning has an irresistible resemblance to "Jerusalem, the Golden."

The quotations are held together by rivulets of cement in the form of expert harmonization and adroit instrumentation, for Mr. Bloch is one of the soundest and most learned musicians alive. But the whole effect is patchwork and the grandiloquent idealism behind the "epic rhapsody" is, not to be too blunt about it, unconvincing. At the proper time, indicated by Mr. Damrosch, the audience rose yesterday, but very few had the boldness to sing the new anthem. A chorus on the stage took the curse off this awkward moment.

What the Boston Critics Say:

By Philip Hale
Boston Herald

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 10th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; Ravel's "The Waltz" and Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts." Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club sang the hymn at the end of "America." The rhapsody was performed in Boston for the first time.

One can be a "100 per cent. American" without being excited over Mr. Bloch's panoramic, dioramic musical history and glorification of the United States. He attempted to portray in tones the North American Indians, the Mayflower leaving England, the landing of the Pilgrims and their trials and tribulations, the years of the civil war, the materialism and the mechanization (with anvils in the score) of the present age, the return of spiritual progress and hopes, and the United States handing out the hand of friendship to all the nations of the earth. A formidable task, indeed. And all this in one rhapsody.

The score is annotated with quotations from Walt Whitman. It is dedicated to his memory and to the memory of Lincoln. The titles of the tunes introduced from those of the Indians and "Old Hundred" to "I went to the hop-joint" and the "Coon-can Game," are given: a thoughtful precaution on the part of Mr. Bloch, for a few of them are hardly recognizable in the performance on account of the thick instrumentation.

The first section ". . . 1620" is the most musical and the most interesting of the three. The Indian tunes have character and are not too sophistically treated. The contrast between the exultation of the arriving Pilgrims and their hours of depression and danger

is well brought forward. The remaining portions of the rhapsody are too often bombastic after the manner of Mr. Babbitt addressing a meeting of Rotarians. What Hazlitt said of Marquis Wellesley speaking on affairs in India might often be applied to Mr. Bloch in his many enthusiastic moments: "Writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

It was expected of Mr. Bloch that he would weave his selected tunes into the cloth of his orchestral loom with technical skill; not using them in the construction of a pot-pourri; for certain works of his that have been performed here—especially his concerto and those fired and glowing with his racial spirit—have shown his ability as a musical architect and decorator. But this ability is not so clearly displayed in "America" and the prevailing color, in his quiet and most boisterous moments, is drab.

There is little in this rhapsody to quicken the pulse or charm the spirit. His hymn at the end is of the Sunday school order, perhaps designedly so, for he wishes the congregation to rise and sing the hymn whenever the rhapsody is performed. He might as well have asked the congregation of yesterday to wave pocket American flags as they rose, for no music was provided for the worshippers—at least we saw none—and no one ventured to pipe up the patriotic strains.

Is it not probable that Mr. Bloch in his fervent appreciation of this country, in his love of its past history and his commendable hope for its future, undertook a task that no one could accomplish and remain a musician?

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did all that was possible for the success of the rhapsody. The stentorian ending naturally aroused applause.

By H. T. Parker
Boston Evening Transcript

ERNEST BLOCH is a romantic idealist. In these days they are not many. Being such, he is simple of spirit, visionary, fervent, almost to fanaticism. Being such again, he chooses the vast conception, the manifold far-spreading implication. Setting a title to his new symphonic piece, played yesterday afternoon by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, he does not hesitate to use the word "epic." Most of us, schooled to discretions and repressions, shiver at the thought of it, turn it this way and that, finally discard it. Mr. Bloch, about to set pen to music-paper, shapes a grandiose design; fills it with passionate utterance; would life it to heaven-scaling climax. His unfinished Symphony, "Israel," bears these birthmarks. They are traceable in his setting of Psalms and in his "Jewish Poems"; discoverable in his Rhapsody, "Schelomo." They are also cut deep upon his new "America."

From this two-fold Bloch proceeds "America, an Epic Rhapsody"—to risk a superlative, the most remarkable prize-piece that a composer has yet written.

For the spiritual side of the Rhapsody, much depends upon the receiving temperament. Those that crave the vast, the visionary, the vague, will draw from it sustenance, illumination, even exaltation. They will thrill to the expanse of Mr. Bloch's canvas, to the multifold array of matter in which he traverses, envisages and assimilates the American world. The sheer bigness and fullness of design and accomplishment will stir them to their vitals. They will lift up their hearts, as Mr. Bloch uplifts his, when he visions the future. They will share his Whitmanic inspirations. They will hear at his loftier and deeper moments a song of democracy; the voice of humankind in brotherhood and ascent; music doing its office—the incarnation in tones of abstract and far-flung concepts, till they pierce deep to the listening mind, well through the answering heart. At smallest, they will say that here is America idealizing itself at the bidding of composer altogether sincere; America visioning in his tones its true and ultimate self. At largest, they will assert that here mounts the Rhapsody of faith in humankind and human living as Beethoven declared it, as Mahler strove to give it voice. From Mr. Bloch's pages, from themselves as well, emotional fervors, even as yesterday, will course the concert-room.

By Penfield Roberts
Boston Globe

BLOCH'S score is an epitome of almost all the various methods so far devised for writing "American music."

Bloch has written very skillfully, introducing his familiar musical quotations gracefully, and planning his grand final climax effectively. The anthem has breadth of style and the singable quality needed for his purpose, though it did not strike one yesterday as on a par with Haydn's Austrian Hymn or Lvoff's Russian Hymn. It is, however, quite as good as the tune to which we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and better suited to its purpose than "The Star Spangled Banner." There are other admirable passages such as depicting the voyage of the Mayflower.

We wondered, when it was over, whether this sort of thing was worth doing at all. Heard as music, without reference to program notes and without consciousness of the associations clustering round "Swanee River" and

"A Vast and Mighty Tonal Canvas"

"Old Hundred," Bloch's Rhapsody would sound fragmentary and baffling. Of the three movements, the finale is by far the most effective, and the least cluttered up with musical allusions. But, on the whole, "America" proved disappointing.

By Warren Storey Smith
Boston Post

AN irony as subtle as it was unpremeditated went into the making of yesterday's Symphony programme. At the beginning stood Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony that for 43 years was known only to the man into whose possession it had chanced to fall. At the end came Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," the name of which, thanks to liberal publicity, had been on every concert-goer's tongue long before its first performance in New York two days ago.

Yet it is quite safe to prophesy that the Austrians' symphonic fragment will be played and beloved for decades upon decades after the Swiss-American's composition has passed into oblivion.

With the expected mastery and craftsmanship Bloch has marshalled this material and, knowing the man in his previous music, we are led to believe with sincerity as well. Now and then his music rises to genuine eloquence especially in the exalted close of the first section. There is no resisting the nostalgic mood of the beginning of the second movement, and the end of this section is deeply felt. The final anthem, which is prefigured from the commencement, is, however, intrinsically commonplace, and when all is said and done the characterizing word which first occurs is that term beloved of critics of the theatre "hokum."

There was applause aplenty at the end, yet it can hardly be said with accuracy that the piece created a sensation.

By Eugene Stinson
Chicago Daily Journal

"AMERICA" thus strives to express something more than the externals of our land and of our life, though these externals have their men-

tion in a score which calls for anvils, deep steel plate, wood block and an automobile horn, and though they are represented by the quotation of popular melodies, as well as of Indian, creole and negro folk songs.

But these externals are merely supplementary to Bloch's vision of a land which has fascinated his imagination and his emotions. The symphony, musically considered, and underneath its remarkably rich contrapuntal use of a multitude of themes, consists essentially of the evolution, from somewhat nebulous early forms, of an "anthem" melody, intended for an expression of our nationalism, and rising at the close of the rhapsody in clear, unmistakable and generally affecting terms. In his lengthy formulation of this national melody, Bloch had accomplished more than the feat of a resourceful and scholarly composer, he has aimed at touching the hearts of his hearers, and even has hopes that audiences will eventually rise and sing the concluding portion of his rhapsody. With what sincerity, appropriateness and felicity his work expresses the national feeling of our race, the future will tell. The ladies who listened to the Chicago Symphony orchestra's performance of it at the subscription matinee of yesterday afternoon were obviously moved to a warmer and more ecstatic welcome than their thirty-eight years of uninterrupted concert attendance have trained them ordinarily to extend to their symphonic novelties.

Of the new work Mr. Stock gave a more carefully studied performance, perhaps, than the majority of the orchestra's novelties customarily receive, and one which ran to vigorous eloquence as the work drew to its somewhat oratorical climax.

By Glenn Dillard Gunn
Chicago Herald Examiner

NO one hearing this unusual composition will question the decision of the judges. It is great theater. Often it is great music. It is nobly conceived, a paean of patriotic feeling. It is executed with a mastery of every resource of the modern composer. Its orchestra is gorgeous. Its harmonies

are splendidly imaginative. It is a vast and mighty tonal canvas, full of color, of light, of moods boldly and subtly contrasted.

Nor will any one doubt the sincerity of its composer, who, impressed with the majesty of New York's sky line, sensing the physical and spiritual greatness of America, dedicated himself to the hymning of that greatness before he had set foot upon our soil. That he has written an imposing piece of theatrical music, means only that he has employed the idiom nearest to his personality. Ernest Bloch should presently give us a great American opera—and God knows we need it.

Of the three divisions, the first seems to me also the finest. There is grave beauty in its somber, bi-tonal beginning.

The final impression is that much as we may admire this music, one admires and loves much more the fine idealist who wrote it. I have never met Bloch. But I am certain that he is worthy to dedicate his music to Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman.

By Edward Moore
Chicago Tribune

WHETHER Ernest Bloch's "America" is the greatest work that ever won first prize in a composers' contest or not, it would seem to have gone across with the public better than any work of the modern idiom on record.

Bloch calls his work an epic rhapsody in three parts, thereby stipulating that it is not to be considered as a formal symphony. The first part has to do with the Mayflower, the Pilgrim fathers, England, and the Indians. The second deals with the war of 1861-'65, and the third with the present and future. It thus becomes in a way a musical comment upon American history, or rather, it would if it were not that the cool glance of the historian and the intense feeling of the musical rhapsodist are impossible to correlate.

For he has written a fine thing, in some ways an uncommonly fine thing. Laying aside for the present his for-

mer racial manner, he would seem to have devoted himself with great enthusiasm to an effort to interpret something national. Technically, he does it by frequent use of musical quotation, all the way from the "Old Hundred" to a poetic chanson—which is a most effective tune—called "I Went to the Hop Joint," with excursions into chanties, Indian music, "Hail Columbia," and "Dixie." But he has had the faculty of absorbing and digesting these excerpts into definite parts of his own musical texture.

At the end he develops his work into a hymn, "America," which he hopes, so he says, will become a national anthem. That, of course, lies with the future. People choose their own national anthems. . . . the piece has admirable ideas in it, and, rather unexpectedly, Bloch has a first class sense of the theater, shown by what he left out quite as much as what he put in.

By Karlton Hackett

Chicago Evening Post

BLOCH is a talented man and in this music he has sought to concentrate the essence of this country into one convincing expression. It was a sincere effort and while of uneven value, at least on a first hearing, very interesting and with episodes of striking character.

The last part was naturally the expression of today with blue jazz and all the accessories. Expected and inevitably obvious but cleverly done; the best symphonic jazz as yet heard. Some day jazz will find its way into the symphony hall, but for the present we are perhaps too close to it and the composer cannot but feel self-conscious, even a soul so liberated as that of Mr. Bloch.

The new hymn toward which all had been tending came with a brilliance that made an immediate impression on the audience. An honest hymn with a good tune to it, but whether the people of this country will desert "The Star-Spangled Banner" and cleave only to this remains to be seen. To judge from one hearing the singing difficult-



Ernest Bloch and his children, Suzanne and Ivan (Left) and Lucienne, in 1916, shortly after he arrived in this country.



Mr. Bloch in the study of his New York home, 1917.

San Francisco Honors Its Own Prophet

ties will not be entirely obviated. Everybody knows what a test "The Star-Spangled Banner" is and it sounded as tho the new hymn would put the vocal chords to as great a stretch. The public will decide.

The audience gave Mr. Stock and the men unusually cordial applause at the conclusion of "America."

By H. (Hattie) Devries

Chicago Evening American

THE greatest musical ode to America has been voiced—by a Swiss. Much ink has been spilled and good white paper consumed in an effort to translate into music the spirit and atmosphere of these United States from birth to date. But it remained for a Swiss-Hebrew, Ernest Bloch, to capture in a measure at least, the melodic meaning of our civilization, and to transfer it to actual sound, a creation of such genuine beauty and intelligence that I believe no one will disagree with me when I call it Bloch's masterpiece.

By Maurice Rosenfeld

Chicago Daily News

BLOCH'S symphonic composition, "America," was unanimously awarded the prize of \$3,000 donated by MUSICAL AMERICA for the best symphonic work by an American composer; and though Mr. Bloch was born in Switzerland he has become an American citizen and is enthusiastic in his love for his adopted country, and his composition shows that he has absorbed the American spirit completely.

He has been known until now as a modern among moderns, addicted to almost all the eccentricities of the day. But his "America" is an astounding departure from anything we have ever heard from his pen. He has called it "America, an Epic Rhapsody," and never has a subtitle been more correctly chosen. Those who have read of its inspiration published in interviews and advance notices, know that Walt Whitman, magnificent democrat of America, was the light that led Bloch to produce his chef d'oeuvre, and where could he have gone for a more thrilling afflatus?

"I hear America singing"—is the poetic leit-motif—but Bloch went beyond this and created the epic of America's birth until today, with a prophecy for the future.

The enormity of his theme did not deter him and he did the impossible—he condensed into three movements the different phases of the country's development, and if they left one with the feeling that the theme had only begun, it was rather the emotion one has on beholding the outlined design of an immortal painting—the canvas of a great painter in embryo but fully conceived.

Respighi on Bloch

San Francisco Bulletin

RESPIGHI had heard the "America" Symphony of his colleague, Ernest Bloch, in rehearsal yesterday morning with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

"I was struck with the simplicity of this powerful music," he said. "Bloch illustrates the trend away from modernism. Modernism has served its purpose. It cleared the ground of hampering conventions in music. Some of its effects have been absorbed, but music has again joined hands with the past. Why, for a while it got so that anyone could claim to be a composer provided he wrote wildly enough!"

Redfern Mason, San Francisco Examiner

THE largest crowd that ever gathered in Civic Auditorium listened last night to Ernest Bloch's "America." Every seat in the hall was taken and people stood in lines at the rear and along the sides of the hall. Never before in the history of San Francisco has so much interest been manifested in a musical event.

Whatever the cause, the atmosphere was tense with anticipation and, when Alfred Hertz took his place at the directing stand, faced by a dense phalanx of instrumentalists and chorals, a wave of enthusiasm swept over the vast assemblage.

For a drama Bloch has undoubtedly written, or perhaps it might better be called a chronicle play. First the music told of the primordial earth; then the English horn gave out a summons, as if nature were speaking to her children, and the orchestra began to discourse fragments of Redskin themes, a tonal recalling of the days before the white man ever set foot in this land.

No need to ask why the composer calls the work an epic rhapsody.

Something of the feeling of a musical cinema in the constant introduction of new material. It was like listening to pages of old John Stow's Chronicle, with hints of the grim seriousness of Cotton Mather.

The audience might not admit the validity of Bloch's social belief; but they did recognize and greatly rejoice in the choral climax, in which the chorus, aided by quite a number of people in the audience, sang the hymn. It was a noble conclusion, an apotheosis of the American ideal, and, if words worthy of the strain can be substituted for the poor verse to which they are now wedded, it may well be that here, at last, is the worthy national anthem of America.

At the same time the qualities which may make the work immediately popular will tell against its being ranked as a masterpiece. "America" has not the sculptured beauty of Mozart, the strength of Beethoven, or the broad-

ing imaginativeness of Brahms. It is astonishingly, teasingly clever; but there is more of brain in it than heart. And it is more interesting as a revelation of Ernest Bloch than as an interpretation of his adopted country.

Alexander Fried, San Francisco Chronicle

HONORING a prophet in his own city, 10,000 persons packed the Civic Auditorium last night to hear the first performance of Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America." They were themselves honored in hearing the greatest symphonic work thus far written in this country.

Bloch, who in person received an ovation from the crowd when Alfred Hertz, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Municipal Chorus had drawn their performance to a reverberant close, is earnestly the prophet in his "America." The three movements of his rhapsody vision programmatically the nation that has been and is, and in the choral finale the motifs of the entire score unify themselves into an anthem in which the composer expresses a national idealism pointed toward the future.

Although any symphonic work of grand dimension is at a disadvantage for appreciation at first hearing—and much the more in such an over-large and improvised concert hall as the Civic Auditorium—"America" immediately proposes fascination for the popular audience.

Indian Mood Opens

The grinning portrait of jazz in the picture of our hectic present does not hide from first view its lurid sardonic cleverness. The introductory movement includes Indian mood of a strikingly lonely melancholy. In the middle part of the rhapsody—labeled with Walt Whitman's "I hear America singing"—the voices of nineteenth century North and South are mingled in tunes we know from childhood, first sung in carefree repose, then distorted in strife. And finally comes the broadly melodious hymn, which the audience last night accepted with the thrill and respect due just such an official song as Bloch would hope to have it.

It was a daring thing Bloch attempted in his "America." He might more easily have pursued the universal musical interest represented in works like his Piano Quintet, his String Quartet, his First Symphony, which have set him on a peak among modern composers. Or even more securely he might have continued the trend of his "Israel" Symphony, his "Psalms," his "Solomon," his "Jewish Poems," where all could find him safely classified as a master of Hebraic expression.

Instead he grew his rhapsody out of a national idealism inimical to some of his international followers, indecorous in the view of worldly American aesthetes, or even presumptuous to a sort of narrow patriot. Musically he ran even more treacherous dangers. He sought to build noble symphonic form upon the foundation of a tune singable by every untaught throat. He ventured to weave into his orchestral pattern airs so well known—"Swanee River," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Dixie," many more—that they might distractingly arouse the contempt due homely familiarity.

To his task, however, Bloch could lend a technical genius unsurpassed among composers today, and his unspoiled imaginative vitality. In craftsmanship "America" is a master score. But it has poignant feeling, and that is most important. The sentiment of this nation, sorrowful in its trials, buoyant in its hope, are beautifully expressed. The anthem of which some in advance were doubtful, rises majestically to the ultimate climax.

Hertz and the enlarged orchestra gave their best to the rhapsody recently wreathed by MUSICAL AMERICA's national prize. Their performance had an effective insistent power. The conductor had his reward not only in popular applause, but also in a doubly bewhiskered kiss appreciatively bestowed by Bloch somewhere in the neighborhood of his left cheek and ear.

By Edward Cushing

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

MR. BLOCH'S "America" is a work of vast dimensions, a towering edifice of sound, and it reveals its author as a master architect of tones. But it is distinguished by little other than its intentions, which we must credit, and the skill and art of its rearing. Had we a right to expect more of a symphony confessed to be a narrative of Indians and frontier warfare, of pilgrims landing, of civil discord, of material prosperity, of collapse and rebirth? "America" is—and we hesitate, out of respect for Mr. Bloch, to pronounce the words—a gaudy and meretricious epic, shallow and obvious in its conception of the ideals which inspired it, and superficial in the manner of their celebration. Mr. Bloch has selected or invented his material without discrimination and too often without taste. The basic theme of his rhapsody, that of the anthem with which it concludes, is grotesquely trivial. Were it the work of another, we might suspect the author of charlatanism, of base appeal to the ignorance and hypocrisy of professional patriotism.

"America" to Be Played by Cleveland Men

CLEVELAND, Dec. 26.—Ernest Bloch's "America," which won MUSICAL AMERICA's \$3,000 composition contest, is to be played by the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, at concerts on Dec. 27 and 28 for delegates attending the fiftieth meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association.—E. A.



Ernest Bloch during a vacation in the Alps

Reiner Gives Cincinnati Premiere

Curran D. Swint, San Francisco News

WITH every seat in the vast Exposition Auditorium filled, and with hundreds of standees crowding the wall spaces, Ernest Bloch's symphony, "America," was Thursday night given its initial performance in the home of the man who composed it.

The audience gathered to pay homage to the composer was perhaps the largest ever assembled in the Auditorium for a musical event, and certainly one of the most enthusiastic.

Much has been said and written about this prize-winning epic-rhapsody of Ernest Bloch's. Chosen from a large number submitted in a competition for the MUSICAL AMERICA prize for the best symphonic work by an American composer by five of the country's foremost symphony conductors—among them our own Alfred Hertz, it follows that the composer and his work should come in for much attention here.

Its presentation was made a civic affair. The concert was given under the auspices of Mayor James Rolph, Jr. and the Board of Supervisors.

The symphony was given an inspired reading and playing by Alfred Hertz and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. And it was received with enthusiasm that reached ovational proportions, with the composer called to the conductor's stand and presented with the laurel wreath.

"America" has a pronounced appeal for the not too highly developed music ear. It will beyond doubt find permanent and important place on the programs of the orchestras of the world in the space allotted to novelties. But it has neither the sublimity nor the texture to give it high favor with the concert-goer whose musical soul is steeped in the works of the great masters.

Marie Hicks Davidson, San Francisco Call

IT might have been back in the time of the war, when patriotism flared frenzy hot and the traditions of the United States were enfolded in a martial glamor.

Such was the high moment of the premiere of "America" last night at Exposition Auditorium, where every seat in the great hall was filled and hundreds were glad to stand. At the close of the third and last movement of the composition, with the thrilling anthem reverberating "like the sound of a great amen," Ernest Bloch, composer, was lifted to the stage over the footlights and, while the audience wildly cheered, embraced Alfred Hertz, conductor of the orchestra. Then they kissed each other's cheeks as if they had been Latins instead of the Teutons they are.

The orchestra gave a "tusch," members standing, and a huge chaplet of laurel, tied with red satin, was handed to the man whose musical composition was played in a dozen cities simultaneously with the San Francisco premiere. There was more cheering. The chorus which sang the anthem at the close of the opus left the stage, and the audience filed out into the starlit night.

It is simpler in thematic progression than either the Dvorak or the Tchaikowsky work, a plastic thing molded by a master hand and held by sinews of counterpoint. It is impressionistic, the pigments laid on in broad strokes, with great gaps in the picture that must be filled by the imagination, gaps that lent piquancy. And a colorful thread of melody played through the fabric like a rune above the hum of a wheel as it cuts through wood and steel.

The beginning of the anthem



From the Portrait in Oils by John W. Alexander, Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Walt Whitman

"Dedicated to Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision have upheld its inspiration."

By

William Smith Goldenburg

Cincinnati Inquirer

A LOCAL premiere of a musical composition always is an event of interest, but a world premiere of patriotic composition of such magnitude as Ernest Bloch's prize-winning epic rhapsody entitled "America" is not so common an occurrence that it may be lightly regarded.

To assert that "America" is an orchestral masterpiece would be exaggeration. To proclaim it a fine composition in form and style, essentially patriotic, is the plain, unvarnished truth. It is essentially modernistic in tendency, but Ernest Bloch is no rash experimenter. He understands the idiom he employs, the attitude of present-day audiences toward it and the orchestral resources through which he must speak. When he is unpleasant musically it is with a purpose and that purpose usually is satirical utterance. Bloch writes in scholarly vein and his new work is the product of the matured mind in its prime. That greater compositions will flow from the same source cannot be doubted.

The composer of this new epic rhapsody called "America" must be adjudged both historian and prophet. The folk lore tunes that have been born in the "melting pot of the world" are poured as molten material into the orchestral crucible and emerge as a unified message of faith—refined, ennobled, immortalized.

Bloch's "America" expresses the

ideals of the New World as they have not been expressed in music before. The form is free fantasy, the style impressionistic and realistic at the same time, and always the program is followed in a definite, obvious way, but with manifestation of such sincere intent and lofty inspiration that the listener is stirred to the inner consciousness.

This is not music of the future, but a promise of what American music can become. It is as vigorous, bold and courageous as the Pilgrim fathers who peopled the wilderness of the new world. It is a tribute of admiration that is in the heart of a patriot. It reveals his abiding reverence for the nation's past accomplishments and expresses a profound faith in its future.

Arranged in three parts, the symphonic nature of the work never wavers, never becomes trivial, is consistently buoyant and constantly surging toward its climax, an eloquent paean of joy and faith, a magnificent anthem that gives fresh meaning to the word "America."

The composer's finest work, so far as one can judge from a single hearing, has been done in the second movement, based upon the lines from Walt Whitman: "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear," etc.

Thus ended the premiere performance of a new and mighty composition. To have heard it was an inspiration. To have missed it was a misfortune.

By Lillian Tyler Plogstedt

Cincinnati Post

ERNEST BLOCH'S prize-winning composition, "America," an epic rhapsody for orchestra and chorus, proved to be a real sensation. As program music, inspired by a love of and faith in the country of his adoption, Bloch has written a colorful work, in which he has taken themes indigenous to America and woven them skilfully into musical form.

It is scored for a modern orchestra, with the addition of two anvils, one steel plate and an auto horn (ad libitum), which Mr. Reiner kindly forebore to use. Indian songs, folk tunes, some very good jazz, battle hymns, all are woven into an interesting whole, and when, at the end, the chorus joins with the thrilling "America, America, our fathers builded a nation," the audience made the hall ring with cries of "bravo, bravo." It was a splendid climax to an interesting concert.

By Nina Pugh Smith

Cincinnati Times-Star

MUSICAL interest at the Christmas festival concert centered upon the new prize-winning rhapsody of Ernest Bloch, "America," for orchestra and chorus. "America" is a prize composition, according to the verdict of some of this country's most eminent directors or orchestra. It was produced simultaneously on Thursday afternoon and evening, in half a dozen American cities.

In enthusiasm for this country of his adoption, no one excels Mr. Ernest Bloch, who, through love, became a citizen of it. Also the orchestral style of Mr. Bloch has been admired by his fellow citizens, and the lofty ideals inspire his music, acknowledged.

The music is a picture, because, through its wealth of detail, its atmosphere and colors are compounded. Yet this variety of detail somewhat impairs the habitual broad orchestral

(Continued on page 32)

San Francisco Bulletin

TEN thousand San Franciscans heard Ernest Bloch's epic "America" played last night by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. And the 10,000 who heard the premiere had only praise, for the work was that of a master.

"America" won a prize as the best symphony submitted in a contest. Last night, played in five cities, it won a place in popular estimation that seems sure to make it the most outstanding musical work of modern times.

ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS—by

Lawrence
Gilman

A Weekly Series of Program Notes by the Music Critic of the
New York Herald Tribune and Program Annotator of the
New York Philharmonic-Symphony and Philadelphia Orchestras

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MOZART composed his three greatest symphonies—those in E-flat (K. 543), G minor (K. 550), and C major (the "Jupiter")—within the space of two months. The year was 1788. The E-flat is dated June 26th; the G minor, July 25th; the "Jupiter," August 10th.

It was a bad time for Mozart. He was desperately hard-up, and his creditors were wearing out his door with their knuckles. Dismal thoughts, he wrote, often came to him—and no wonder. Puchberg lent him two hundred florins, but that was only a stop-gap. And then, in the following spring, Prince Lichnowsky took him under his wing, and for a brief while Mozart's skies were less gray.

Jahn found in the E-flat symphony "the expression of perfect happiness . . . unalloyed happiness and joy in living . . . the feeling of pride in the consciousness of power" . . . "purest pleasure," "frolicsome joy," "mocking joviality." Yet only the day after Mozart completed the E-flat, he had written to Puchberg saying that unless he could obtain help, he should lose both his honor and his credit. By the following month—July—some hint of his distress had begun to find its way into his music. Even the somewhat complacent Jahn tells us that in the G minor Symphony "joy and gladness" have begun to yield to "sorrow and complaining"—sorrow which rises in a continuous climax to a wild merriment, "as if seeking to stifle care."

He feels that this utterance of melancholy in the G minor Symphony begins at once, in the statement of the first theme, which to some appears to be, rather, one of the most perfect examples of cheerfulness in the minor mode. Jahn hears "a piercing cry of anguish" later in this movement; "but, strength of the resistance sings again into the murmur with which the movement closes. The Andante, on the contrary, is consolatory in tone; not reposing on the consciousness of an inner peace, but striving after it with an earnest composure which even attempts to be cheerful." In the Minuet, "a resolute resistance is opposed to the foe, but in vain, and again the effort sinks to a moan. Even the tender comfort of the Trio, softer and sweeter than the Andante, fails to bring lasting peace; again the combat is renewed, and again it dies away, complaining. The last movement brings no peace, only a wild merriment that seeks to drown sorrow, and goes on its course in restless excitement."

Jahn notes, gravely and conscientiously, that "Palmer (*Evangel. Hymnologie*, p. 246) finds no pain in this symphony, but only pure life and gayety." There may be some in our day who will be inclined to side with the sapient Palmer in this matter, and to wonder how Jahn can really find "harshness" in the G minor; although it is easy to agree with him that this is the most passionate of all Mozart's symphonies.

But passion and harshness (Jahn even applies to the G minor symphony Goethe's words about the Laocoon) are not, one suspects, the qualities that have endured for most ears in this lovely score. A gentle pensiveness, a rather naive, rather wistful gayety, a delicate merriment, and a continuous, enchanting sweetness and lyric purity—these traits it seems, today, richly and typically to possess. It muses, it sighs, it may even complain—but so gently that tragic passion and the dark swirling tides of a sorrow that must (in Jahn's phrase) be "drowned," seem to have touched this

Symphony in G Minor (K. 550)

W. A. Mozart

(Born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died at Vienna, December 5, 1791.)



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

lovable music, if at all, with a gesture of phantasmal lightness and unreality, as if the Muse had dreaded to cloud its shining surfaces or distort its poised and beautiful serenity.

E. T. A. HOFFMANN, that extraordinary genius, who as a contemporary of Beethoven's, perceived his greatness, and whose penetrating enthusiasm later influenced Richard Wagner in his Beethoven worship, wrote with singular beauty of Mozart's music (especially as contrasted with Haydn's) in his *Kreisleriana*. Hoffmann in his remarkable essay² drew, successively, portraits of the three great Austrian composers of instrumental music; Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—portraits conceived, as Spitta remarked, with "such deep-seeing musical insight and portrayed with such successful poetic power, that they are

²Hoffmann's essay, *Beethoven's Instrumental Music*, originally written in 1810, was revised in 1813, and reprinted in the collection called *Kreisleriana*, included among the contents of the two volumes published in 1814 as *Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manner*. We quote from the admirable translation printed, with an introductory note by A. W. Locke, in *The Musical Quarterly* for January, 1917.

as effective today as when Hoffmann sketched them."

"Mozart and Haydn," wrote Hoffmann, "the creators of the instrumental music of today, show us the art for the first time in its full glory; though the one who has looked on it with an all-embracing love and penetrated its innermost being is Beethoven. The

mental composition of all three masters breathe the same romantic spirit, which lies in a similar deep understanding of the essential property of art; there is, nevertheless, a decided difference in the character of their compositions. The expression of a child-like and joyous spirit predominates in those of Haydn. His symphonies lead us through boundless green woods, among a merry, gay crowd of happy people. Young men and maidens pass by dancing; laughing children peeping from behind trees and rose-bushes playfully throw flowers at one another. A life full of love, of felicity, eternally young, as before the fall; no suffering, no sorrow, only a sweet melancholy longing for the beloved form that floats in the distance in the glow of the sunset, neither approaching nor vanishing, and as long as it is there,

night will not come, for it is itself the evening glow which shines over mountain and wood.

"Mozart, however, leads us into the depths of the spirit world. We are seized by a sort of gentle fear which is really only the presentiment of the infinite. Love and melancholy sound in the poor spirit voices; night vanishes in a bright purple glow, and with inexpressible longing we follow the forms which, with friendly gestures, invite us into their ranks as they fly through the clouds in the never-ending dance of the spheres. . . .

"Haydn conceives romantically that which is distinctly human in the life of man; he is, in so far, more comprehensible to the majority.

"Mozart grasps more the superhuman, the miraculous, which dwells in the imagination."

T HAT Haydn is in a sense more "human" than Mozart is doubtless true—though perhaps it should be said that we today would hardly call Haydn's humanity "romantic." It is a humanity that seems more abundant than Mozart's because of its homespun quality, its nearness to the earth, to the things of familiar existence—"the cheerful glass, and candlelight, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests"; it is full of rustic jocosities, and sweet candor, and naive tenderness; it is steeped in the colors of the visible, palpable universe. The humanity of Mozart is a more wistful, a more fine-drawn thing,—spiritualized, subtilized, delicate and fastidious. He knew how to choose exquisitely, from the hurly-burly of life and the crowding accumulations of the mind, that rare and ultimate thing which becomes the quintessence of beauty and experience. Thus he acquired those "singular and extraordinary graces" imputed by the Council of Forty-seven to King James.

300 SING CANTATA

Boston, Dec.—A choir made up of 300 singers from churches of Greater Boston gave a Christmas festival program under the direction of H. Augustine Smith, director of the fine arts department in the Boston University School of Religious Education and Social Service, on Dec. 10 in Tremont Temple.

The feature of the evening was the singing of the cantata, Great David's Greater Son, with organ accompaniment by George Henry Day. Solo parts were sung by Mrs. Winslow Porter, Boston; Dorothy Bowlby, Wichita, Kan.; Joseph Ludwigson, Boston; Gordaon Wells, Providence, R. I.; Miriam Wells, a student at the School of Religious Education, played the violin, and Charles L. Davis of Scranton, Pa. W. J. P.

HOLD VESPER SERVICE

REDLANDS, Cal.—An effective Christmas service was held in the Memorial Chapel of the University of Redlands on a Sunday afternoon at the vesper hour. Under the direction of W. B. Olds, the University Chorus presented excerpts from Messiah. The soloists were Mrs. Barton Bachman, soprano, and Fredariaka Green, mezzo-soprano, with Vera Van Loan at the organ and Barton Bachman at the piano. The vested choir carrying lighted candles entered the chapel through the arched corridors.

L. F. J.

WANTED—A Little Dementia

Why Juggling Fifty Operas a Season Needs a Dose of Insanity to Make the Show Interesting—With Side Thoughts on the Revival of Ernani and Manon

By Irving Weil

THE problem of keeping an opera repertoire like that of the Metropolitan sufficiently well upholstered to bounce its singers up and down on something like fifty operas in a season ought to be as delightful as it probably isn't. No other opera houses in the world that we happen to know much about attempt anything half so energetic, and yet not a little of what they do attempt makes a New Yorker envious. But with fifty works to perform, the boot, or rather both boots might readily be on the other foot. What an opportunity, from year to year, to minister to the insulted and injured in the operatic adventure of the last two hundred years, to give them the nourishment of renewed and sensitive performance! What an opportunity, indeed, to make a repertoire so liberal as to become a vivaciously interesting and representative compendium of the whole history of opera!

This would, of course, probably mean that the impresario who harbored any such charmingly reasonable scheme could not escape being regarded as a half-mad visionary. Nonetheless, it is the half or wholly mad visionaries who, since this world began, have been making it the fascinating place to live in that it sometimes is. Certainly a little dementia is a surprisingly tonic thing in an opera house. It would exorcise, with the instantaneous and imperative flourish of incantation, the deadly and ponderous spirit of dullness that squats itself with leaden persistency upon so many opera houses.

There is, indeed, altogether too much sanity in most of our musical activities. An excess of it is what has made this particular season the dulllest we can remember in a number of years. It has been pre-eminently sane—and pre-eminently uninteresting. Too much sanity afflicts our orchestral conductors, our cut-to-pattern recitalists, our innumerable organizations for pampering mediocrity into a belief that all it needs to become genius is help.

What is wanted is a good dose of the daemonic, a large touch of the kind of lunatic imperiousness that attended so many of the aspects of the now despised romantic era just behind us. It is still to be sensed in the incandescent accomplishment of a Stokowski, of a Toscanini; it is the thing that made Grau and Hammerstein what they were and opera, under them, opera. And yet, neither Grau nor Hammerstein hipped himself or anybody else into the notion of performing fifty works for the lyric stage in a single season. Leaving wholly out of account the impossibility of doing that many with anything beyond the most workaday routine, so enormous a repertoire requires the most nicely selective taste for its make-up and particularly in the choice of the new and old elements that are added to it from time to time.

AT the Metropolitan this season Mr. Gatti-Casazza has thus far added the thumping dud by Richard Strauss, *The Egyptian Helen*, and the very passable but not at all remarkable *The Sunken Bell* by Ottorino Respighi. Last week, to bolster his repertoire from among older operas, he revived

(on Monday) Verdi's *Ernani* and (on Saturday) Massenet's *Manon*.

Perhaps it was his idea to have some representation of the early Verdi in the repertoire, though we believe no one will blame us too severely if we suspect something like a more practical motive. However, if we ourselves had been thinking of an early Verdi revival, we should have hit upon Luisa Miller, in spite of its none too agreeable stage tale based, as it is, on Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* (*Ritual and Love*). Luisa Miller would in any case have had the striking advantage of novelty for the present generation; but additionally, it would have served to present both the early Verdi and the Verdi of the middle period, for it antedates *Rigoletto* by only a year. It discloses the transition leading over from the man who was occupied only with a desire for quick and cheap success, as he was in *Ernani*, to the man who soon afterward began to put his genius at the disposal of genuine artistic expression.

Ernani was the first of Verdi's

operas to make him known outside of Italy back in the middle forties of the last century. It was not a thorough success even then, but it irresistibly attracted general attention to a new talent, to the Verdi of thirty. Of its first performance in London, in 1845, only a year after its Italian premiere in Venice, Henry Chorley, that dependable British critical chronicler of the time, wrote that there was "a certain novelty in its cast of phrase; there is a certain power in it—rude and feverish, it may be, but still real. It is obvious that the new composer relies on effect, not sound knowledge; that he prefers ferocious and gloomy stories; that rant, in short, is the expression most congenial to his genius."

What Chorley found in *Ernani* then one still finds in it now, only its indubitable musical power has lost its persuasion, for its novelty has passed, and little more remains than its rant. The blatant cheapness and almost intolerable reiteration of its bald effects are paramount; there is scarcely a suggestion of the music Verdi began to

write in *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*.

THE tradition for the performance of *Ernani*, established from the very beginning more than eighty years ago, is simply lung power on the part of its principals. (Rita Borio, who first sang *Elvira* in London, was, according to Chorley, "a stout singer in every sense of the world, able to scream in time"). Mr. Gatti has in his company three singers well able to do the same, which may have had not a little to do with the revival of the opera. At any rate, they were all present last week and they delivered the tradition intact; the marvel was that they themselves remained so afterward.

The three were Rosa Ponselle, Giovanni Martinelli and Titta Ruffo, respectively the *Elvira*, *Ernani* and *Don Carlos* of the piece. Mr. Martinelli out-bellowed his two associates simply because he never, except in an imperative moment in the second-act love duo, considered anything this side of the very loudest fortissimo at all worth while. Mr. Ruffo was restraint personified beside the tenor, but still managed to hold his own, and Miss Ponselle once in a while had her very beautiful reserves in drawing upon her full vocal resources.

No one had to do anything that resembled acting in this old idiom of a drama except Ezio Pinza, the much put-upon grandee, *Silva*. All the other principal figures are merely wooden dolls obeying the machine-like necessity of a succession of single airs, duos, trios and ensembles. Mr. Pinza did the acting required and did it very well, whilst his singing had something about it that involved intelligence and taste.

This *Silva* is, in fact, the only person on the stage during the course of the whole opera who is recognizably a human being, doing things for recognizably human motives—and even he has his whopping lapses. And it is notable that very nearly the only music Verdi has written throughout the piece at all worthy of the man he later became is *Silva's*. The rest of it has the ingenious but vulgar melodramatic power that got him a hearing and made him a figure to be reckoned with in the opera houses of the world; but by now all this has lost its force and is immoderately tiresome.

Vincenzo Bellezza prepared this revival and conducted the performance as vigorously as possible—which, if you must conduct it, is probably the only way to do it.

MANON is forty years younger than *Ernani*, and it is French—which somehow seems to make it about a hundred and forty years nearer our own time. And this in spite of its innocently unabashed romanticism; for its story is as romantic as a *Sevres* figurine and Massenet's music fits it as plausibly and as aptly as anything the nineteenth century ever accomplished toward envisaging the externals of the eighteenth. There are, of course, nothing but externals here.

(Continued on page 42)



Rosa Ponselle as *Elvira* in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's revival of *Ernani*.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1928
CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER

Alice Mock and Schipa Are Perfect in 'Lakme'

BY GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

ALICE MOCK and Tito Schipa annexed the honors of the "Lakme" performance by the Chicago Civic Opera yesterday afternoon in the Auditorium, which was, of course, entirely according to schedule.

The young soprano from California may congratulate herself that the coloratura laurels of the company are safely bound upon her brow with no immediate challenger in sight. This was, I judge, the verdict of the public, rendered upon the delivery of the "Bell Song," with an enthusiasm that stopped proceedings for an appreciable interval.

Miss Mock yesterday was one of those rare artists who achieve technical perfection. Every tone was flawless as to pitch, was delivered with exactly the right amount of power, had exactly the quality intended. This happened whether the passage was sustained and deliberate or a rapid and flashing bit of pyrotechnics. Her florid passages seemed a bit slow at the beginning. But presently one realized that the tempo was correct. It merely seemed slow because it betrayed no effort.

Like all technically perfect song, there were moments when it seemed a bit cold. At least it is Miss Mock's misfortune that she does not impart to the technical feats performed with such ease that quality of excitement which is needed to make even perfect song interesting.

"An artist of authority and grace. Excellent singing and delightful presence."

Chicago Journal, Eugene Stinson, Dec. 10, 1928.

Alice Mock, young coloratura soprano, who is meeting with tremendous success on her appearances with the CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA!!

ALICE MOCK



"In the 'Bell Song' Miss Mock Brought Down the House!!"

Chicago American—Herman Devries—Dec. 10, 1928

"Miss Mock sang the opening scene excellently, the tone pure, the ornamentations clean and all in tune. The duet with Miss Mock they worked up to a telling climax and it was heartily applauded."

*Chicago Evening Post,
Karleton Hackett, Dec. 10, 1928.*

"A gifted young coloratura soprano who, in the title role, displayed a pleasant, intriguing stage presence and a voice which soars to altitudinous heights and is flexible and well schooled."

*Chicago Daily News,
Maurice Rosenfeld, Dec. 10, 1928.*

"Alice Mock was given the title role

of 'Lakme' unexpectedly, but she has proved her right to sing it. Her peculiarly graceful stage presence, the accuracy of her very tasteful singing and the general polish, which adorns her work, find in the part of Lakme an especially effective vehicle. It is the most interesting thing Miss Mock has done in her first season with the Chicago Opera; competent in every respect, and adhering to a very fine standard of musicianship, Miss Mock seems destined to rank with that small group of artists at the Auditorium who, regardless of their other qualities, are invaluable here in Chicago because of the tradition for

serious, sincere and unspotted workmanship they assist in establishing.

*Chicago Journal,
Eugene Stinson, Dec. 10, 1928.*

"Alice Mock made an instant impression with the delicate lines of the first act *Pourquoi*, usually a negligible item in a prima donna's stock in trade and yet such a little gem. Later in the 'Bell Song' Miss Mock brought down the house. There is only praise to be said for her exquisitely polished coloratura the clarity of her trills and staccato and the precision of her scale work."

*Chicago American,
Herman Devries, Dec. 10, 1928.*

"Yesterday's surprise was in the exquisite song of Alice Mock. She sang the tricky 'Bell Song' with crystalline beauty, youthful lilt and delicate accuracy—more, she conveyed a convincing idea of the meaning of the song. It was no mere showpiece, though it was beautiful enough to stand as that. This peak of song was a climax to a characterization carefully studied and splendidly carried out. Miss Mock won her laurels by a consistent performance with a highly agreeable voice."

*Chicago Journal of Commerce,
Claudia Cassidy, Dec. 10, 1928.*

Concert Direction—Wolfsohn Musical Bureau of New York, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Sevitzky Gives First Times

Simfionietta Guests of Chamber Music Association

By W. R. Murphy

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—Two substantial classics and four contemporary composers figured delicately on the program at the third meeting of the Chamber Music Association on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 2. The Philadelphia Chamber Music Simfionietta were the guest artists in charge of the proceedings and discoursed the spontaneously melodious Mozart of Eine Kleine Nachtmusik and the somewhat artificial but agreeable Gretry by way of a Pantomime, Marche de la Caravane and Tambourin de Denys le Tyran.

The latter was a "first time," from some music accumulated by the leader, Fabien Sevitzky, in his European Tournee of last summer. Another "first time" was the Night Intermezzo, of the currently writing Naprawnik, from his Bohemian opera Dubrovsky and in the finest style of the nocturne. In the same group was Pizetti's L'Epervier, of course touched in modernism and with long melodie swoops semblable to the hawk of the title, and Dubensky's Gossips, a brief and clever piece of musical impressionism, played throughout pizzicato and also modern in tang. The concluding number was the Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra and accompaniment of strings by Sir Edward Elgar, very scholarly in writing if a bit dull in content. The eighteen members of the organization, all from the Philadelphia Orchestra, played with fine cooperation in technic and feeling.

Club Concerts

Dr. Artur Rodzinski conducted the 100 members of the Stanley Music Club orchestra the evening of Dec. 2 at "cinema palace," formerly the Philadelphia Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein and later renamed the Metropolitan Opera House. It affords a much larger seating capacity than the Stanley Theatre, the usual resort of these Sunday evening programs. A finely spiritual performance of the Cesar Franck symphony was given. Debussy's Symphonic Sketches were heard and there was a brilliant delivery of Chabrier's Espana rhapsody. Between came the first movement of the Tchaikovsky piano concerto, which introduced to Philadelphia Isabelle Yalkovsky, a local girl of whom it can be said that she has made good. She is a Fellowship student at the Juilliard Foundation Graduate School and will later appear in New York under the auspices of the Schubert Memorial with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society. Her technic is well developed and her tone is very ample and she did well in a piece that is a test for any pianist.

Vladimir Horowitz was the soloist at the meeting of the Musical Association, Dec. 2, at the Penn Athletic Club. He gave the Beethoven Sonata Apassionata with rich emotional quality. In the Bach of the Organ Prelude and Fugue in D it seemed that he allowed his emotion excessive play, to the extent of Chopinizing music which does not call for such treatment. The last half of his schedule was devoted to Liszt, either in the original or transcriptions. There was a tragic quality in Funerailles and a great deal of surface brilliancy but hollow significance in the Paganini Etude in E flat and the Mephisto Waltz. A return to musical beauty was encompassed with Sonnet No. 123 of Petroarch and Au Bord d'une Source.

Frances McCollin devoted her week's group of lecture recitals to Mozart, fol-

Strube Composes Work in Schubert's Honor

BALTIMORE, DEC. 26.—A symphonic work by Gustav Strube, entitled Homage to Schubert and based on the melody of Am Meer, was outstanding on the program given by the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, which Mr. Strube conducts, on Dec. 16. The Romantic Overture, transcribed by Edgar Stillman Kelley and the Unfinished Symphony were other numbers. Johanna Gadske sang lieder with accompaniments arranged for orchestra. An audience of record size filled the Lyric Theatre for this concert, which was a Schubert celebration.

F. C. B.

lowed by analysis of the coming Philadelphia Orchestra programs. She also analyzed the orchestra programs for the Women's City Club and the Women's Club of Germantown.

BIANCA SAROYA



Who has been engaged by the Pennsylvania Opera Co. and will make her first appearance with that organization on January 16 in Andrea Chenier. Miss Saroya is a dramatic soprano.

SHATTERING A MYTH

PORTLAND, Ore.—The inflexibility of elementary mathematics shattered a myth which has been circulating in musical circles for the past few days. The New York Herald Tribune started it when the venerable journal pointed out, in a press dispatch, that when the Portland public auditorium is filled for a symphony concert, ten per cent of Portland's population is in attendance. The Indianapolis Star made use of the same point to impress upon its constituency the need of a symphony orchestra in that city. Portland papers took up the point and made much of it.

Then it occurred to someone to resort to mathematics. The Portland auditorium holds 3,450 people. The population of the city is conceded to be in the neighborhood of 350,000. Thus it was found the attendance was closer to one per cent than ten. Thus simple numerology blasted what was thought to be a national record.

D. L. P.

The Metropolitan Vies with Philadelphia's Own

And the Competition Extends Into the Concert Field

By H. T. Craven

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26. — The Metropolitan Opera Company gave a decidedly lame duck performance of Rigoletto on Dec. 4 in the Academy of Music.

Queen Mario's resources have previously, on this stage, failed to measure up to the requirements of the role of Gilda. An excellent artist in some parts, notably Gretel, she was palpably miscast. Her shortcomings reached a deplorable climax in Caro Nome, at one point in which her choked utterance resulted, for an instant, in a complete stoppage of sound. A courteous and charitable audience applauded her, since for all her limitations in this role, it was obvious in the mishap that fate had been duly capricious. Luckily the prevailing complexion of the house was not Italianate.

Giuseppe De Luca submitted some effective acting, but under-par singing as the Jester. Adamo Didur was a breathy and toneless Sparafucile and even Merle Alcock, the Maddalena succumbed, though in much less degree, to the effect of lack-lustre lyricism. Giacomo Lauri-Volpi furnished the one signally bright feature of the evening, singing the Duke with welcome clarity and radiance. Louis D'Angelo was a satisfactory Monterone. Vincenzo Bellezza conducted.

Samson Revived

The Philadelphia Grand Opera Company drew a large house with a revival of Samson et Dalila on Dec. 6 in the Academy. Mme. Charles Cahier, well versed in the traditions of the part of the Philistine siren, won applause for a performance whose authority was not centered in the voice. Her middle register is somewhat worn. She can still command a volume of tone, but freshness, glow and opulence are lacking.

John Dwight Sample, tallest of tenors, started badly but improved as the evening went on. He was at his best in the poignant scene at the mill. Errico Giorgio as the High Priest, Nicholas Karlash as Abimelech, and Ivan Stechenko as the Old Hebrew, filled the requirements. Artur Rodzinski conducted in his usual competent style, and the ballet had splendor and rhythm in the bacchanale.

Mengelberg's Visit

Willem Mengelberg, directing the New York Philharmonic Symphony, disclosed the sound musicianship and

also the dullness of the very earnest Bloch in the two extant movements of the symphony Israel, submitted as the chief offering of a concert in the Academy of Music. The work discards some of its shackles of stiffness and stodginess in the Andante moderato, where a small choir is employed. A detachment from the Philharmonic's new chorus sang admirably, as did Wellington Smith, baritone, and Thersa Rashkis, soprano, in their brief solos.

Other numbers in this second program of the local series by the out-of-town organization were the Anacreon overture of Cherubini the Brahms Variations on a Theme of Haydn and the Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, Ballet of the Sylphs and Rakoczy March, from The Damnation of Faust. The orchestra gave a typically satisfying account of itself notably in a finely lucid reading of the Brahms.

Korngold Impresses

Auditors of the Much Ado About Nothing suite of Erich Korngold, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra at Friday afternoon and Saturday night concerts in the Academy of Music carried away a more favorable impression of the art of the much advertised composer than might have been expected after acquaintance with his pretentious and uninspiring operas.

Fortunately there is nothing grandios or ponderous in the Much Ado music, written as incidental commentary on Shakespeare's comedy. The work, scored for a small orchestra, that includes a piano, has grace and charm and that sunny atmosphere of the Renaissance, which invests, for all the dark illogical plot, the tale of Beatrice and Benedick, Dogberry and Verges.

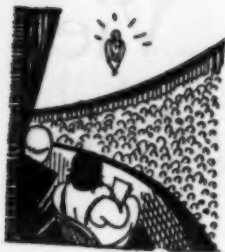
There are five movements. Overture, The Brides, (Hero and Beatrice, of course); March of the Watch, a delectable comic hit, with Dogberry and Verges, amusingly depicted; Garden Scene, a poetic intermezzo; and Hornpipe, inspired by the gay "tag" of the comedy, "Strike up Pipers!" Ossip Gabrilowitsch, in his second week as guest conductor, read the novelty delightfully.

The other number on a program which turned out to be much more interesting than it looked on paper, were the Haydn London Symphony, Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas overture and Enesco's First Rumanian Rhapsody. Mr. Gabrilowitsch warmed up to the verve and vividness of the last named in a stirring performance.

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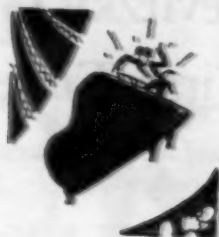
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GOTHAM'S IMPORTANT MUSIC

Some Music by an Eighteenth Century Modernist Achieves the Honor of Performance—Mr. Gabrilowitsch Brings a Very Acceptable Orchestra to Town

By WILLIAM SPIER



"On the Seventh Day . . ."

OPPORTUNITIES nowadays of hearing what is customarily considered a somewhat hackneyed bit of churchly entertainment—The Creation, a little piece that the well known F. J. Haydn tossed off 125 years or so ago—are not so many as one might suppose. Aside from the more or less common performances which are indulged in the usual places of worship, the oratorio had not been given under professional standards since 1916 in this excessively musical city up until last week when the Friends of Music once again proved the happy fitness of their title. This performance, on December 16th, was followed by a second survey of the same subject on the succeeding Sunday. Both were well attended by cordial gatherings of the faithful.

The sexagenarian Haydn spent a year and a half of devoted effort on Die Schöpfung. Never had he been so pious, he records, as during the time which its composition consumed. "I knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen me for my work." And in later years it was always The Creation which moved him to extremes of emotion. At the first public performance of the oratorio in the National Theatre in 1799, Haydn found himself so completely wrung in spirit as to be unable to adequately describe his sensations. "One moment I was as cold as ice, the next I seemed on fire. More than once I was afraid I should have a stroke," he wrote. In the year before his death the Vienna University sponsored an elaborate re-counting, of The Creation, conducted by Salieri, which Haydn came out of a protracted seclusion to attend. Carried into the auditorium in his armchair the beloved old man was saluted with unstinted demonstrations of welcome. At the words "And there was Light" Haydn was quite overcome, and pointing upwards exclaimed "It came from thence." His agitation increased as the performance continued, so that those who had brought him thought it better to take him home at the conclusion of the first part. At the door he requested a moment's pause and, turning around, lifted up his hands as if in the act of blessing, it is chronicled.

Rare, indeed, is the genius that illuminates The Creation. The motivating power behind Haydn's utterance in this essay is at once humbly prostrate and filled with the pride and exaltation of righteousness. Thus Haydn dares not only to worship but to glorify and humanize his God. He has the adorable courage to be veristic, even faintly naive, in his depicting of the various forms of animated existence which the Creator conferred upon the earth. The imaginative impulses, the inexhaustible and fecund seminal ideas that are suggested at every turn in Die Schöpfung are a wellspring of amazement.

The manifold simplicity in thought and the consequent purity and freedom of its lyric designs establish The Creation as an opus whose obstacled difficulties are somewhat ineluctable—to be very, very Literary. With this provisioning one may without fear of being a carper state that the performance by the Friends was painstaking and affectionate if it escaped peaks of

perfection. Mr. Bodanzky, though inclined toward angularity in the shaping of the score, was a law abiding deputy who whipped up some manifestation of enthusiasm whenever there was danger of undue laxity among his cohorts. The choral ensemble acquitted itself with hearty effect, contributing vitally to the healthy climaxes of "Die Himmel erzählen" and episodes of similar character.

The trio of soloists, all recruited from the Metropolitan, revealed varying degrees of merit. Miss Editha Fleischer, one of the most valuable persons hereabouts, made the most estimable contribution. Her singing was distinguished by the clarity, tonal opulence and innate sensitiveness for phrase that was primarily requisite. Mr. George Meader disposed stylishly of the tenor allotment and much of his delivery was informed with vibrant conviction. Of Mr. Richard Mayr, whose sturdy frame was called upon to emit the bass soli, less can be said in the way of benign eulogy. There was some measure of poetic justice in the circumstance that at the end of "Gleich öffnet sich der Erde Schloss." Mr. Mayr's desire to give forth a low D (which it had not occurred to Haydn to write) was frustrated by the ravages of temporal progress.

Gabrilowitsch Comes Guesting

A VERY superior band appeared in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, under the name of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was in charge, as official guest during the leave of absence granted Mr. Leopold Stokowski until the spring, and it was, as we have said, an extremely fine instrument over which he wielded dictatorship. It was such an artful-toned, responsive, iridescent, technically blameless organism as any conductor would be rejoiced to get for Christmas. But it was not the Philadelphia Orchestra.

By this we do not for a moment mean to indict the thrice admirable Mr. Gabrilowitsch on a charge of alienation of affections. He is one of those old-fashioned persons who still love music and who are frankly unashamed in the demonstration of that phenomenon. His is the kind of honest creative spirit that having long since achieved ripeness has not soured into the blasé tude which afflicts a majority of those who have spent commensurate years in the service of the Euterpean art. In being able only to reasonably approximate the wonted glories of those who were his medium on this occasion Mr. Gabrilowitsch but proved that he is human.

As a matter of fact, and despite the

circumstance that no single performance of the evening established what seemed to us a final revelation, it did one's heart good to experience the things that Mr. Gabrilowitsch selflessly put forth in the unsullied name of music-making. Without thought for the lime-lighted glints which accrue to the practice of being purely effective, Mr. Gabrilowitsch was content to bask in the warmer glow that surrounds a labor of love. His most admirable achievement was a recounting of the charming and inexplicably neglected D major Symphony of Beethoven which was at once beautifully molded and spontaneous to a fascinating degree.

The rest of a somewhat maladroit program had to do with the Tragische Overture of Brahms (which signaled the least of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's talents) the introduction to Khovantchine, Dukas' L'Apprenti Sorcier, and the Birthday of the Infanta suite of Schreker.

It was in the last-named that the Philadelphians, so far as pure sound is concerned, came most nearly into their own. This music of Schreker offers nothing that has not been said before, nor does it speak in a notably individual accent. There is no reason, after all, why music that is twenty years old—especially in this century of senilizing amnesia—should be expected to conform to these things. The suite was not fresh to New Yorkers in actual performance, having been played a few seasons back under the aegis of Mr. Bruno Walter for the delectation of Symphony Society patrons.

Nevertheless this is a work that has a certain excuse for being, if only as a wistful reminder of days when composers wrote music for the pleasure of writing it. The impulse behind Schreker's essay of Wilde's lovely tale is movingly genuine, and worthy of something better in the way of sustained inspiration. There are moments of telling expressiveness to be found here, moments during which an artisan has fashioned more than the substance which technic involuntarily dictates.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch disposed of the matters that were concerned in this adventure with impressive care and obvious belief in its content.

The League of Composers

THE aim of the League of Composers is, surely, to advance in every way it can the appreciation of contemporary music. But that was certainly not, as one had occasion to realize again at the Town Hall concert of Dec. 19, to group four first performances with one nearly-first performance and call it a program. Listening to new music is an effort which it is impossible to sustain in its full force throughout an evening. If the League, and other similar organizations, would build a program, opening, say, with the Juge Magd cycle, of Hindemith; continuing with the pieces for woodwind instruments of Mr. Berezowsky, light and simple enough in their humor to be listened to with pleasure and without strain on a first hearing; offering, then, some more familiar music and concluding with a repetition of the Hindemith cycle—then the listener would have learned much more about contemporary music than he is able

(Continued on page 36)



Lucie Caffaret, French pianist, who is making her second American tour this season. Miss Caffaret gave a Town Hall, New York, recital.

THE BETTER RECORDS

Reviewed by Peter Hugh Reed



LOOKING over the better records for December in England, I find that Mengelberg and his own Dutch band, the Concertgebouw, have played, for their best sponsors, Columbia, Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. As this is one of the famous Dutchman's favorite war-horses, which he rides particularly well, the recording of it will interest many music-lovers—especially when one realizes that an excellent recording of this work is both unconvincing and ephemeral in its appeal. An announcement of further interest relates to Albert Coates conducting the complete Petrouska Ballet, which is to be released on four discs by H. M. V. in January.

An exciting bit of news is culled from an English magazine regarding Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. It would seem that the whole six of these have been recorded by the London Chamber Orchestra under Anthony Bernard for Brunswick. The participating soloists include such artists as Leon Goossens, Aubrey Brain and Walter Gieseking. Let us hope that domestic Brunswick will bring these treasures out here in the near future.

Three Chamber Works

Quartet for flute, violin, viola and cello, Mozart; played by Rene Le Roy, Andre Mangeot, Frank Howard and Herbert Withers. National Gramophonic Society, Nos. 112-113.

String Quartet, Honegger; played by the Kretzky Quartet. French Columbia, Nos. D13049 to 052 inc.

Septet, Op. 20, Beethoven; played by Bläser-Kammermusik-Vereinigung der Stadtischen Oper, Berlin. Grete Eweler, violinst. Homocord, Nos. 4-8781 to 84.

Mozart's quartet featuring the flute is full of a quaint charm. It is not music of great depth but rather of a pleasing, optimistic *genre*. It was composed in the latter months of 1777 during Mozart's stay at Mannheim, and was probably written for Wendling, an excellent flute player with whom Mozart became friendly. The N. G. S. ensemble has done well with this little work; the recording is clear and the surface smooth and noiseless. Perhaps the most commendable part of the recording is the instrumental blend, the flute is not projected beyond the strings but weaves its way in and out in a fair proportion to its needs.

Since Honegger, who may be called the king of the Six, is soon to visit this country, recordings of his works should have especial interest. Here is one, available now on import, which is immediately arresting. It begins with dynamic force, like his musical locomotive. It is in three movements; the second is appropriately tender and the last a facile nervous Allegro, which affords a happy contrast to that which has gone before. Although the work holds one's attention, it is not of great significance, except as a modern chamber music contribution.

Beethoven's Septet, the precious model upon which Schubert founded his own Octet, has been recorded in a commendable manner. The recording is clear and the instrumentation definable. The performance is musically conceived, carefully interpreted in its delivery and pleasing.

Operatic Excerpts

Boris Godunoff, Moussorgsky; Prologue Why do you abandon us, O Czar; and Song of the Pilgrims; sung in Russian by the Lettischer Chorus. National Theatre, Riga, Russia. Soloist, Jan Nedra. Parlophone, No. P9293.

Boris Godunoff, Act 3, Scene 1, Chorus of the Maidens of Sandimoor; and Act 3, Scene 2, Polonaise; sung by same Chorus. Parlophone, No. P9294.

Lohengrin, Wagner; Finale of Act 2 in two parts; sung by Meta Seimeyer, Sigismund Pilinsky, Robert Burg, Helene Jung, and Fritz Duttbernd. Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Weissmann, Parlophone, No. P9837.

The two records from Boris Godunoff are excellently interpreted. They are stamped with tradition, having been recorded in Russia by a first-rate organization familiar with Moussorgsky's score and its history. The first record unfortunately does not take in the opening bars of the opera, but starts on the second page a few bars before the Police Official admonishes the assembled mob in the courtyard of the Novodievitchi Convent, and goes to the end of that scene with the short solo of the Police Official omitted between the two choruses.

The second record contains, on the first side, the woman's chorus at the opening of the scene in the Cabinet of Marina in the Sandimoor Castle; a scene which is omitted in performances of the opera in this country. This chorus has a lyric charm and is almost Chopinesque in character. The reverse side of this disc has a fine interpretation of the familiar Polonaise from the Garden Scene which follows.

The finale of the second act of Lohengrin is well arranged. Naturally in two parts it would be impossible to give the complete fifth scene. The first part begins therefore after Frederick's accusation and includes Lohengrin's Reply and also the King's, with the long ensemble passage between omitted. The second part begins up where the first leaves off, and continues to the end of the act. The principals are all good, especially the Elsa, and the chorus and orchestra under the able direction of Dr. Weissmann are excellent.

From Other Lands

Sonata in C Minor for violin and piano, Op. 45, Grieg; played by Marjorie Hayward and Una Bourne. H. M. V. Nos. C1388-89-90.

English Suite in A Minor, Bach; played by Harold Samuel. H. M. V. Nos. C1405-1406.

Triumphant Entry of the Boyards, Halvorsen; and Valse Triste, Sibelius; played by the Cleveland Orchestra. Brunswick, No. 50149.

March of the Tin Soldiers, Pierne; and Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Brunswick Concert Orchestra. No. 4096.

Grieg's third violin sonata was written in his forty-fifth year. Sidney Grew in writing of the work recently told an engaging story about it. "Grieg was travelling in Europe in 1888," he tells us, "and this violin sonata was the 'new' work for the tour. Tchaikovsky was in Leipzig at the time (January-February), that Grieg and his wife were there; he heard the sonata played by Brodsky and the composer, and says that he was charmed with it; and he very much liked the couple as well—they were so quaint, sympathetic and original."

This sonata has the charm of some of Grieg's loveliest songs, and musically it is emotionally simple and easy to comprehend, which probably accounts for its great popularity. It is exceptionally well recorded with a blended perfection of two instruments. The artists are popular British musicians who play with understanding and certainty.

Harold Samuel renders Bach with an ease and perfection which is very commendable; but one wishes he had more warmth and more emotional expressiveness, even though one admires his art. The recording here is good.

Bach's English Suites are familiar to most of us. This is the second of the six. Fuller-Maitland tells us that in them "we reach the culminating point of Bach's work for the harpsichord, as distinguished from the other



Arthur Honegger, French composer, who is soon to visit this country.

keyboard instruments of his time." He also tells us that "the magnificent Prelude to the second English Suite is so effective and interesting that there is a temptation to overlook the wonderful skill with which it is constructed."

Sokoloff gives a commendable performance of Sibelius' waltz, but the Entry of the Boyards proves less triumphant in this recording and more just plain noisy than it should. I like this selection least of all the new recordings that this orchestra has made.

The small pieces by Pierne and Gounod are appropriately played and recorded.

Serious and Otherwise

Kiss Me Again, from Mlle. Modiste, Herbert; and Indian Love Call, from Rose-Marte, Friml; sung by Florence Easton. Brunswick, 15193.

Elijah, Mendelssohn; If with all your Hearts, and Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth; sung by Dan Beddoe. Brunswick, No. 3847.

Ouvres tes yeux bleus, Massenet; and Serenade de Passant, Massenet; sung by Sigrid Onegin. Brunswick, No. 15154.

The Rosary, Nevin; and Calm As the Night, Bohm; sung by Marie Morrisey. Brunswick, No. 15191.

Valse Bluette, Drigo-Auer; and Orientale; violin solos played by Frederick Fradkin. Brunswick, No. 4097.

Liebesfreud, Kreisler; and Music Box, Sauer; piano solos played by Ignace Hilsberg. Brunswick, No. 4098.

Although it is good to see Florence Easton's name on records again, I cannot grow enthusiastic over this one. Hers is not the type of voice which lends itself to comic opera airs and although she sings them well they lack a certain spontaneity needed to make them truly effective. Brunswick should permit this popular artist to record some of her fine operatic work.

Dan Beddoe, although over three score years of age, is still the consummate artist and can show many of the younger tenors how to sing. It is good to hear him singing these two arias from Elijah, and also good to note his fine diction, artistic phrasing and resonant tone production.

Onegin is heard to advantage in two Massenet favorites. Poise and dignity are in her interpretation of the first song, and there is a lyric charm in the second. It seems useless to lament that both songs would have been better without the obtrusive violin obbligatos.

Marie Morrisey sings two old favorites with dignity and restraint, for which we can be grateful, and also with a nice regard for diction. The orchestral arrangements are not in the same category—being somewhat cheaply ornamented.

Fradkin interprets two violin favorites. His tone is clear and certain and so, too, is the recording.

Hilsberg renders Kreisler's Liebesfreud in a buoyant manner, and contributes a very unmomentous Music Box performance on the reverse face of the disc.

CORSICANA, Tex. — Edward French Hearn, pianist, was present in a lecture-recital by the Nevin Club on Dec. 8 in Carnegie Library. A large audience heard an all-Chopin program. Mrs. L. A. W.

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National Federation Will Be Elaborately Entertained

Boston Will Honor Music Delegates

WHEN the biennial convention and festival of the National Federation of Music Clubs is held in Boston from June 9 to 16, with headquarters in the Hotel Statler, public dignitaries and many persons prominent in the city's cultural life will unite to do honor to the delegates.

Committee Officials

Mrs. Charles D. Davis is national biennial program chairman, and Mrs. William Arms Fisher local convention chairman.

Convention committee officials are: Honorary national member, George W. Chadwick; honorary chairman, Mrs. Theodore Thomas; honorary national member, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller; national member at large, Mrs. Frank A. Seiberling; district president, Mrs. George Hall; Massachusetts state president, Mrs. Mary G. Reed; district president, Porto Rico, Mrs. Richard Hamlin Jones; Connecticut state president, Miss Marion Fowler.

Also: New Hampshire state president, Mrs. Clara Muehling; Maine state president, Miss Julia E. Noyes; Rhode Island state president, Miss Virginia Anderson; Vermont state president, Mr. E. J. Hathaway; Boston national honorary members, Edward Burlingame Hill, Arthur Foote, Frederick S. Converse.

Governor as Host

The Boston convention board and hosts are the following: Mrs. Theodore Thomas, national honorary president; Hon. Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. Malcolm E. Nichols, Mayor of Boston; George W. Chadwick, director of New England Conservatory of Music; Edward Burlingame Hill, Harvard University; Frederick C. Cabot, president of the board of trustees—Symphony; Charles F. D. Belden, director of Boston Public Library; Richard G. Appel, director of music division, Boston Library; Wallace Goodrich, dean of faculty of N. E. C.; J. Paul Foster, director convention bureau, Chamber of Commerce; John Marshall, dean of music, Boston University; Frank Palmer Speare, president Northeastern University.

Also: Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, Mrs. Mary G. Reed, president; Chromatic Club of Boston, Mrs. Alfred Rowan, president; Music Lovers Club, Edith Noyes Green, president; Civic Music Association, Mrs. William Arms Fisher, president; New England Festival Association, C. V. Buttelman, director; Massachusetts State University Extension Division, James E. Moyer, director; Boston Conservatory of Music, Agide Jaccihia, director; Handel and Haydn Society, Courtenay Guild, president; New England Federation of Glee Clubs, Herbert J. Gurney, president; Department of Religious Education—B. U., Augustine H. Smith, director; Boston Public School Music Department, John A. O'Shea, director; Chairman of Music, Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Walter G. Burns; American Opera Company, Mrs. H. H. Whitman, Boston, chairman.

The Press Committee

The press committee representing Boston is made up as follows: Boston Transcript, Nelson C. Metcalf, city editor; Boston Herald, George Benedict Ryan, city editor; Boston Globe, George

M. Dimond, city editor; Christian Science Monitor, Alfred W. Stubbs, city editor; Boston Post, Edward Dunn, city editor; Boston Traveler, Howard Gould; Boston Advertiser, William Daugherty; Boston American, Robert E. Gillin; Boston News Bureau, H. M. Cole, city editor; New England Council, Arthur Huse, director; Associated Press of America; Convention Bureau Boston Chamber of Commerce, J. Paul Foster, director; Canadian Pacific Railroad and Hotel, publicity department, J. Murray Gibbon, director.

National Press

The national press committee is the following: Musical America, Deems Taylor, editor; Musical Courier, Leonard Lieblich, editor; Musical Digest, Pierre V. Key, editor; Etude, J. Frances Cooke, editor; Musical Leader, Florence French, editor; Musician, Paul V. Kempf, editor; Musical Observer, Gustave Sanger, editor; Music News, Charles E. Watt, editor; Singing and Playing, Alfred Human, editor; Northwest Musical Herald, V. J. Gregory, editor; Jacobs Band-Orchestra Monthly C. V. Buttelman, editor; Musical West, Mildred Knapp Shipman, editor; Music Club Magazine, Helen Harrison Mills, editor; Music in Religious Education Bulletin, Grace Widney Mabey, editor; Junior Bulletin National Federation of Music Clubs, Julia E. Williams, editor; All Bulletins of State Federations of Music Clubs; Pacific Coast Musical Review, Alfred

Mrs. Kelley Looks to "Greatest Year"

LET US MAKE 1929 THE greatest year in the history of our organization."

So runs, in part, the holiday greeting expressed by Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, in the December issue of the Music Club Magazine, the Federation's official organ. The greeting continues:

"With the constantly increasing numbers in our membership, and our recent expansion in territory, we shall henceforth be called to more loyal service than ever before.

"That we may be equal during the coming year to the greater demands which will be made upon us, and also be the better equipped to carry forward our unusual enterprise to the glory of the highest music, is the earnest wish of

"Yours faithfully,
"JESSIE STILLMAN KELLEY."

Metzger, editor; Music Supervisors' Journal, Paul J. Weaver, editor; American Organist, T. Scott Buhrman, editor.

Outline Days of Biennial

A tentative program, subject to change, for the biennial convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs, to be held in Boston from June 9 to 16, 1929, is drawn up as follows:

Saturday, June 8

Morning—Young artists' preliminary contests.

Evening—Banquet to board of directors by the local Biennial board and the Massachusetts Federation.

Sunday, June 9

Morning—Special services in the churches.

Afternoon—Medfield Church.

Evening—Handel and Haydn Society, Symphony Hall, Thompson Stone, conductor.

Monday, June 10

Morning—Business session, reports of officers and departments.

Noon—Publicity luncheon.

Afternoon—Concerts and chorals.

Evening—Banquet and Pageant of States.

Tuesday, June 11

Morning—Extension Day. Breakfast conference, luncheon.

Afternoon—Noted choruses.

Evening—Finals of young artist contests.

Wednesday, June 12

Morning—Educational Day.

Noon—Luncheon.

Afternoon—Choruses, and public school music demonstration.

Evening—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Alfredo Casella, conductor.

Thursday, June 13

Morning—Choral Day. Conferences and reports.

Noon—Luncheon.

Afternoon—Choral groups.

Evening—Massed chorus concert, Statler ball room. Past presidents' assembly banquet (midnight frolic).

Friday, June 14

Morning—Church Music: conferences.

Noon—Luncheon.

Afternoon—American Music. Special prize compositions. Concert by New England Conservatory.

Evening—Chamber music concert.

Saturday, June 15

Morning—Junior Day. Conferences, contests, demonstrations, harmonica concert.

Noon—Luncheon.

Afternoon—National Junior Chorus and junior choirs.

Evening—Massed Chorus of the New England Federation of Male Glee Clubs. Hymn playing contest.

Sunday, June 16

Afternoon—Symphony Hall, noted choral group. Visit to Isabelle Stewart Gardner Museum.

Monday, June 17

Gena Branscombe's "Pilgrims of Destiny," at Plymouth, Mass., via Rose Standish Steamer. Program, Memorial Hall, Plymouth school children in chorus.

Who's Who in National Federated Clubs

OFFICERS of the National Federation of Music Clubs are: President, Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, the Western College, Oxford, Ohio; first vice-president, Mrs. William Arms Fisher, 362 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston; second vice-president, Mrs. E. J. Ottaway, Port Huron, Mich.; third vice-president, Mrs. J. A. Jardine, 1112 Third Avenue South, Fargo, N. D.; recording secretary, Mrs. T. C. Donovan, 1633 Shady Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; corresponding secretary, Miss Margaret Haas, 2583 Myra Street, Jacksonville, Fla.; treasurer, Mrs. Abbie L. Snoddy, 315 North Jefferson Street, Mexico, Mo. The editor of the Music Club Magazine, the official bulletin of the Federation, is Mrs. Helen Harrison Mills, 1200 Columbia Terrace, Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. William Arms Fisher, vice-president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, who will be local convention chairman at the Biennial in Boston June 9 to 16.

Children Hear St. Louis Men

*Slavic Program Chosen
by Oberhoffer*

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—The first of the children's concerts presented by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra took place on the afternoon of Dec. 13. Emil Oberhoffer chose Slavic music as his theme, and the following highly melodic program was presented: Song of the Volga Boatman, Ippolitoff-Ivanhoff's Cortege of the Sardar, the third movement from Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, an entr'acte from Kovanchina, Glazounoff's Marionets, the Tumblers' Dance from The Snow Maiden and the Flight of the Bumble Bee by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Chopin's Polonaise in A major.

Flonsaley's Farewell

In what was termed its final appearance here, the Flonsaley Quartet gave a concert in the Sheldon Memorial which proved that it has reached the acme of chamber music art. Haydn's D major Quartet; the Andante and variations, Death and the Maiden, by Schubert; Ernest Bloch's Three Landscapes; Glazounoff's Quartet in D, Op. 1; Poethon's arrangement of From an Old Castle from Mos-sourgsky's Petite Suite; the G Major Scherzo by Schubert and an Andantino from a Haydn Quartet were played. The appearance was under the local management of Elizabeth Cuey.

Roland Hayes appeared in the recital before a large audience that heartily showed its approval. He sang Italian arias, a group of lieder, modern songs and spirituals. He was accompanied by Percival Parham.

SUSAN L. COST.

STEINDEL APPLAUDED

ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra's "pop" concert on Sunday, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer, assumed symphonic proportions. A feature was Max Steindel's superb playing of Boellmann's Variations for cello and orchestra. Mr. Steindel's art, as well as his popularity, seem continually to grow, and his playing has a warmth and glow that only a true artist can evoke. He added Bruch's arrangement of Kol Nidrei. Orchestral numbers were Dvorak's New World Symphony, eloquently read by Mr. Oberhoffer, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice.

S. L. C.

CONCERT BY FINE ART COLLEGE

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Notable among recent concerts given by the College of Fine Arts was a program of vocal works by Dr. William Berwald, head of the composition department, presented in Mizpah Auditorium. The list consisted of solos for soprano, alto, baritone and tenor, and numbers for men's and women's quartet. The words in each case were written by O. M. Edwards.

Schubert programs have been features of activities arranged by the College Faculty members appearing at the second of these were Harold L. Butler, dean; Harry L. Vibbard, playing organ arrangements of his own; Kirk Ridge, Andre Polah, Helen Riddell, Dr. George A. Parker, Lowell Mabie Welles and George Mulfinger.

Nine public recitals were given by the College in the course of the autumn.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—A recent program of the Woman's Music Club was given by Helen Virginia Frederick, pianist, assisted by Blanche Ritter Sherfey, soprano. Mme. Bloomfield, accompanied.

Junior Symphony Gives Season's First Concert

*Portland's Pioneer Children's
Orchestra Lead by Gershkovich*

By David L. Piper

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 26.—The Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra, one of the country's pioneer assemblages of music-bent children, opened its 1928-29 season with a concert in the Portland Public Auditorium the night of Dec. 15.



Jacques Gershkovich, who made his seasonal debut with the Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra.

Jacques Gershkovich, the affable Russian who has gained himself a New York reputation since last leading his band of young people, at the same time made his seasonal debut as the vigorous occupant of the conductorial dais. The opening of the season found many new faces in the orchestra, faces belonging to the incoming players recruited to supplant those now serving the first year of their term at the state university.

Along Mature Lines

The Junior Orchestra is built on the lines of a full-fledged senior organization. It has its own board of directors, its own committees, its own business manager, its own library, and its own conductor. Moreover, it has a repertoire in which Mr. Gershkovich has drilled them as thoroughly as a teacher in the third grade would acquaint her young charges with the mysteries of the multiplication table.

An idea of this orchestra's almost extraordinary achievements is found in the fact that this first concert brought forth more than creditable performances of two movements from the New World symphony, four excerpts from Liadoff's Russian Folk Songs, Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionet, Napravnik's Melancholie and Tchaikovsky's 1912 Overture.

Temporally, the junior concert was hedged in by two performances of the Portland Symphony Orchestra under Willem van Hoogstraten. These were presented in the Public Auditorium the afternoon of Dec. 10 and the night of Dec. 17. The afternoon concert brought a follow-up performance of the overture to Glinka's Russian and Ludmilla, all of the Liadoff Russian folk songs, and a smattering of Delibes, Chabrier and Liszt. The Dec. 17 concert was a special holiday affair, and Mr. van Hoogstraten went fairly beside himself selecting a program everyone would like. He therefore hit on: Ballat Suite No. 1, Gluck-Mottl; Ippolitov-Ivanoff's Caucasian Sketches, the Artist's Life waltz of Strauss, Impressions of Italy by Charpentier and Tchaikovsky's Slavic March. Another one of these holiday programs is in store for symphony patrons Dec. 27.

Society Reappears

On Dec. 4, the MacDowell Club presented Frances Henry, pianist, in concert. On Dec. 9, the Portland Chamber Music Society came to life, after two years hibernating, in the form of the initial appearance of a new string quartet. The personnel of this organization is: Susie Fennell Pipes and Lawrence Skipton, violins; Alexander Vdovin, viola; and Ferdinand Konrad, cello. The last three are members of the Portland Symphony Orchestra.

Nikola Zan, baritone and teacher lately of New York and now a permanent addition to Portland's musical colony, appeared jointly with David Campbell, pianist, Dec. 12. Mr. Zan is an ardent champion of Yugoslav folk music, and it was in a group of these songs that he came close to scoring a real sensation. Mr. Campbell, a musical of much scholarly attainment, came most markedly to the fore in a group of Brahms.

E. Robert Schmitz, international president of Pro Musica was in the city Dec. 19 and was entertained by the members of the local chapter during the few hours of his visit.

Sterling, Kan.—The combined glee clubs of the music department of Sterling College and the Sterling Choral Society, with an orchestra numbering thirty-two pieces, gave a creditable performance of Messiah. The chorus, which numbered 130, did especially fine work. Soloists were Mrs. C. Hawkinson, Mrs. E. Hartouft, E. Faber and David Grosch. The program was conducted by Milton F. Rehg, director of music at Sterling College.

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St. Louis Likes Prokofieff

*Oberhoffer Introduces
Classic Symphony*

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.—Audiences at the fourth pair of St. Louis Symphony concerts were captivated by Prokofieff's Classic Symphony and four excerpts from the same composer's Love for Three Oranges which were given their first local hearing by Emil Oberhoffer. The orchestra was never in better fettle, and these numbers were so well received that Mr. Oberhoffer played the Scherzo and Marche from the opera a second time.

Also applauded was a symphonic paraphrase by Mr. Oberhoffer of Schubert melodies called Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, in which the great master's music took on new charm. This was followed by another novelty, fragments from Roussel's pantomime The Spider's Banquet. The program ended with Ernest R. Kroeger's descriptive symphonic poem, The Mississippi. The composer conducted this and was given an ovation at both concerts.

Pianist Welcomed

Willard McGregor, formerly of St. Louis and now of Indianapolis, electrified a large audience at a Sunday orchestral "pop" concert with his splendid reading of the Concerto No. 2 by Liszt. Since last heard here, his playing has broadened materially. His encore was Phillip's Will o' the Wisp.

The orchestra was in fine form, and Mr. Oberhoffer provided a program to suit the most fastidious. It contained Chabrier's Bourrée Fantasque, the overture to Le Roi d'Ys, Sibelius' Swan of Tuonela, by Goldmark, Scherzo, Op. 45 and Glazounoff's L'Automne from The Four Seasons.

SUSAN L. COST.

GIVES ORGAN SERIES

ORLANDO, Fla.—Herman F. Siewert, teacher of organ at Rollins College, formerly organist of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York and fellow of the American Guild of Organists, gives a series of winter recitals in the Municipal Auditorium on alternate Sunday afternoons.

P. P.

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- Croon. A Southern Idyll
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The above mentioned compositions are obtainable also through the agency of any first class Music House.

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DELIOUS—The Musical Sunset of the Romanticists

Whose Works Have Been Recorded in England

By Peter Hugh Reed

AS Beethoven is the morning and Wagner the high noon, so Delius is the sunset of that great period of music which is called Romantic . . . The art of Delius belongs to the evening of a great period. It has its roots upon the descending arc of life; it is cadent but not decadent. Its image is rather to be seen in the rich colors of the sunset fires than in the cool dim greys of twilight . . . It is thus that Philip Heseltine places Delius in the chronological order of musical development in his book on this imminent composer which is a worthy tribute to him.

It is interesting to realize that although seldom heard in the concert hall Delius' music nevertheless can be had in a liberal representation upon records. Recently a series of electrical discs have been issued in England which have received the approbation of the composer for their interpretive excellence. There is a keen delight to be experienced in having such music projected at will in the solitude of our own homes.

To me, Delius stands forth from the period of the Romanticists, a solitary figure etched clearly against a modern horizon, like a tree of branched individuality before a sky of spaceless infinity.

He is fundamentally an artist expressing through music, his introspective emotions culled from the pages of life. A life, however, which seems never to have known the reckoning of time. His expressive force is supremely spiritual, although filled with a lavish fervor that bespeaks an innate love for all humanity. Only a paradox can describe this genius, and his appeal would seem to be equally enigmatical.

To enjoy Delius one must be able to interpret also, or rather create. For creation does not stop with the composer. An orchestra leader who presents a symphonic work likewise creates that work, and the listener in turn creates from the conveyed impression either a mental picture or an abstract illusion of a deeper underlying significance. Some composers demand more creation from their interpreters and their listeners than others. Such a one is Frederick Delius.

Like Baudelaire and Gauguin, he is definitely a personal taste or response. That is not to say that he is to be compared with either of these artists, except perhaps in the individuality of his expression. To really enjoy his music, one should be able to create a mood or the reaction may be unfavorable. He comes unquestionably to a few of us as a rare find in the world of musical art.

IT is strange sometimes how one discovers a favorite composer. Heseltine says in the preface of his book, that although Delius is a living artist, he is "as one of the company of great masters who belong neither to the past nor to the present, but to all time." Finding a man like Delius as a kindred thinker who, being abler than ourselves, expresses in some medium our intimacy of thought, is a rare experience. "The average music-lover does not approach music by the high road of history," Heseltine tells us, "still less by that of technical knowledge. His early experiences of music are largely fortuitous. To him, music is as it were, a strange element into which he is plunged from time to time. Then, one day, he will experience something akin to an initiation. He will hear some work to which his whole being seems to respond; and from that day he will cease to be con-

tent with such music as chance occasion may offer him." And then he adds what I too have felt so strongly—"it was just such a decisive experience that the work of Delius afforded me, when I first encountered it. . . ."

It is interesting to note, that after a quarter of a century of indifference from the many, England began a few years ago to take a more decided but nevertheless belated interest in this native born composer. At the dawn of the present century his works were performed in Germany and high commendation was accorded them, but such was not the case in England. It would be decidedly misapprehensive, however, to infer that the latter country did not perform his music in part; from time to time several endeavors were made to interest English people in his work,

age of sixteen, he entered his father's woolen business, but the desire to make music made it an impossibility for him to immerse himself in business. Wool and music did not blend, and though his father tried to separate him from the idea, he did not succeed. In 1884, Delius urged his father to let him go to Florida, where he hoped to find interest in an orange grove. So he came to an old Spanish plantation at the edge of a virgin forest, where he lived in a little house "for three months without seeing a single human being, either white or black."

"This was the crucial point of his life," says Heseltine. "Remote from the false culture and superficial distractions of modern civilization, he was free at last to receive the interior illumination which Nature is always ready to give



By courtesy of John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd.

Frederick Delius in his study at Grez-sur-Loing

but the silence that followed each effort was more ominous in telling a tale than the faint banter of applause that succeeded an actual performance.

Sir Thomas Beecham was one of the first advocates of Delius in England. His interpretive appreciation began in 1908 at the Sheffield Festival when he produced *Seadrift*, that imperishable lyrical utterance of the poignant and impassioned love-drama of two birds, as experienced in the soul of a little boy who watches the tragedy. The poem of this work was written by Walt Whitman. During the half dozen years that followed, Sir Thomas gave many of Delius' works throughout England. This included the first performance of his opera, *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, which some consider his greatest work. But for all Sir Thomas' zeal, public appreciation was meagre, still—to this conductor all later appreciation can be traced. As one English writer has observed, "it is largely owing to the delicate, sensitive and authoritative interpretations of Sir Thomas that these works have at last gained some of the appreciation that is their due."

FREDERICK DELIUS was born of naturalized German parents in Bradford, England, on Jan. 29, 1863. His education was entirely English. At the

to those whose hearts have not been hardened by materialism and external trivialities. . . ."

Later Delius met Thomas F. Ward, an accomplished organist, with whom he became fast friends. Ward lived with him at the plantation and taught him music. Heseltine tells us "it is not much to say that the whole of Delius' technical equipment is derived from the instruction he received from Ward in the course of his six months' sojourn on the plantation." His progress proved amazing, so in opposition to the wishes of his family he decided definitely to make music his life's career. In 1885, he took a position as music teacher in Danville, Virginia; and there found his first success. It was this success which convinced his family of the earnestness of his resolve. So the beginning of 1886 found him in Leipzig studying at the Conservatorium with his parents' consent. Here he met with such men as Busoni, Sinding and Grieg, and the latter two "became his almost inseparable companions."

Following this Delius settled in Paris for a number of years, where he became close friends with August Strindberg and Paul Gauguin. He also made friends with Florent Schmitt and Maurice Ravel, both of whom have given

enduring proof of their admiration for his work in the piano transcriptions that they made of several of his operas. "It was among the painters and literary men rather than the musicians that Delius found kindred spirits and true friends," writes Heseltine, "chiefest and best of whom was Jelka Rosen, who became his wife and, with her unflinching sympathy and devotion, allied to materially practical as well as great artistic and literary abilities, has ever proved an ideal companion and helpmate to him."

DELIUS has lived for many years in an old marker town near Paris. Strange to say, although a resident of France, his music is less known there than in England and Germany. Many year past have been crucial ones in the life of his composer. Illness like a fog of uncertain depth descended upon him. Yet from the very mists of uncertainty his voice has been heard in new expressiveness. All human beings face a Western sun at some period in their lives. Life's sunset may be said to loom in an opulence of beauty, virtually from the prime of life. Yet no man facing it, likes to find it darkened by a cloud of illness. The news that friends have recently brought from France that Delius has greatly improved is cheerful news indeed. For he who can sound the human notes deserves the interest and well-wishing of all humanity.

As it would be impossible to make a detailed study of Delius music here, let me quote once more from Philip Heseltine's excellent book: "The message of Delius' music is one of ultimate assurance and peace. It is full of a great kindness which makes us feel akin to all things living and gives us an almost conscious sense of our part in the great rhythm of the universe. And as the lonely soul turns to the starry host for comfort and companionship, so may we turn to this music and hear reverberated in the tones of a lonely singer the voices of the innumerable multitudes of eternity."

THE following works of Delius have been recorded:

Brigg Fair, an English Rhapsody for Orchestra, played by Geoffrey Toye and the London Symphony Orchestra. H. M. V. Nos. D1442-1443.

On Hearing the First Cuckoo in the Spring, played by Beecham and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Domestic Columbia. No. 67475D.

A Summer Night on the River, for chamber orchestra. National Gramophone Society. No. 72.

The Walk to the Paradise Gardens, from *Village Romeo and Juliet*, played by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Domestic Columbia. No. 67474D.

Sonata for 'Cello and Piano in one movement, played by Beatrice Harrison and Harold Craxton. H. M. V. Nos. D1103-1104.

Twilight Fancies, and Sweet Venevil; two songs sung by Leila Megane. H. M. V. No. E430.

Besides these newly recorded works the following accoustical recordings are obtainable:

Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano in one movement, played by Albert Sammons and E. Howard Jones. English Columbia. Nos. D1500-1501.

Dance Rhapsody, played by Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra. Domestic Columbia. Nos. 67079-67080D.

Douglass Holds Annual Event

Negro Society Gives Concert Program

The Douglass Society, an organization made up of Negro students attending the College of the City of New York, gave its annual concert in the Great Hall of the College. Dr. Joseph, faculty advisor of the Society and professor of sociology, presided.

Those appearing on the program were: J. Lashley, pianist; Nettie B. Olden, soprano; Lester Stills, 'cellist; Horace Wilson, baritone; David Johnson, violinist; Embryo Bonnor, tenor, and Edith Woodby, soprano. Accompanists were Leon S. Adger, David I. Martin, Ruth B. Pearson and David Johnson, Sr.

Tenor Gives Recital.

Merritt Hedgeman, tenor of Fisk University, gave a recital in the Metropolitan Baptist Church, Harlem, on Dec. 12. It was his last recital before returning to Fisk University, and he appeared to splendid advantage, disclosing a voice of beautiful quality. His singing was further characterized by splendid diction, fine shading and a keen interpretive sense.

Mr. Hedgeman's program included composition by Caldara, Carissimmi, Purcell, Bibb, Rogers, Massenet, Rachmaninoff and Sneaks. He also sang spirituals arranged by Burleigh, Fisher and Work. H. C. Griffith accompanied.

Charlotte Wallace Murray, soprano, sang at the International House on Dec. 16 at a program in connection with a memorial service to Eugene Corbie. She was heard in spirituals, Don't You Weep, Deep River, and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

CLEVELAND G. ALLEN.

ACTIVE IN CHICAGO

American Conservatory Artists Heard

CHICAGO.—Artists of the American Conservatory of Music are engaged in many activities.

Louise Hattstaedt-Winter, of the faculty, has been engaged as soprano soloist at Mount Carmel Cathedral. Adalbert Huguélet, of the piano faculty, is musical director there.

Verna McCombs presented vocal pupils at a Halloween party given in the Conservatory Studio Theatre. Luella Feiertag, student of Edoardo Sacerdote, sang the role of Angele in Count of Luxembourg with the German Opera Company at the Victor Theatre on Oct. 28, 29 and 30. Miss Feiertag is to be soloist at the Schubert Centennial Festival at Milwaukee on Nov. 28.

Marguerite Kelsch-Ullman presented her piano pupils on Nov. 1 in the Conservatory Recital Hall. Pearl Appel and Ruth Alexander, of the faculty, appeared before the Windsor Park Women's Club and the LaGrange Women's Club in two-piano recitals.

John Lukken, alumnus, is head of the vocal department of the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. David Hansard, former pupil of Herbert Butler, directs the orchestra and teaches violin at the C.I.A. University, Denton, Tex.

OPEN QUARTET SEASON

NEW ORLEANS.—The first concert of the Mark Kaiser String Quartet's second season took place on Dec. 10. Eugénie Wehrmann-Schaffner was the assisting artist. The Quartet is composed of Gladys Pope, Florence Hiteshew, Erin Black and Sara Lob.

W. S.

Introduce Moderns

Copland-Sessions Series of Concerts of Contemporary Music Start Season

Tomorrow

THE Copland-Sessions Concerts of Contemporary Music, which were established last spring by Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions "to satisfy the need of young composers to hear and test their work in public performance" and "to give the public an acquaintance with emerging musical personalities" are giving this season a series of three subscription concerts at the Little Theatre, New York, the first to take place tomorrow evening, Dec. 30.

Last April two concerts were given at which five young Americans were introduced to New York: Robert Delaney, Walter Piston, Quincy Porter, Virgil Thomson and Adolph Weiss. Other composers represented on the programs with "first performances" were Aaron Copland, Carlos Chavez, Theodore Chanler and Roger Sessions. This year the same policy of presenting music by the rising generation of American composers is continued, although occasional works by promising Europeans will be included.

Copland as Composer

Aaron Copland, one of the two founders of the concerts, is twenty-eight years old, one of the outstanding American composers, and a pupil of Nadia Boulanger and Rubin Goldmark. His principal works include a Symphony for organ and orchestra, played in 1925 by Walter Damrosch in New York and by Serge Koussevitzky in Boston, a Concerto given by the Boston Symphony both in Boston and New York in 1927, Music for the Theatre, played at the Frankfurt Festival in the summer of 1927, and a ballet called Groh which Fritz Reiner will introduce with the Cincinnati Symphony next March. Mr. Copland also has written various articles on music of today and is bringing to a close his second course of lectures on modern music at the New School for Social Research.

Roger Sessions, the other moving spirit behind these concerts, was born in Brooklyn in 1896. He was gradu-

ated in 1918, and spent four years, at the same time studying himself under Ernest Bloch. In September,



Aaron Copland

in 1921, he went with Mr. Bloch, as assistant instructor to the Cleveland Institute of Music. Since 1925 he has made his permanent home in Italy, where he finds the quiet necessary to composition. Mr. Sessions has received the Guggenheim Fellowship for the past two seasons.

His principal works include incidental music to the Black Maskers of Andreiev, performed at Smith College in 1923, a symphony introduced in 1927 by the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky, and chorales for organ performed by the League of Composers last season.

Three of the five composers to be heard at the first of the Copland-Sessions Concerts are of American birth: George Antheil, Marc Blitzstein and Henry Cowell; Bernard Wagenaar, the fourth, was born in Holland; the fifth, Nicolai Lopatnikoff, is a Russian. All of the works will be "first performances."

George Antheil has contributed his Second String Quartet, of which he writes from Paris: "This is one of my latest works and was written last December. It will be the first representative thing of mine played in America."

I mean a work played at least two years of the time it was written."

Marc Blitzstein is represented by Four Coon Shouts after texts from Walt Whitman's Children of Adam. The four songs, says Mr. Blitzstein, were written over a period of two years in Paris, Berlin and Philadelphia. Several people have questioned my use of a jazz idiom with the Whitman words; it seems to me perfectly natural to couple two media whose implications are alike universal, and whose methods are alike primitive; both jazz and Whitman contain a primal and all-pervading sex-urge. I hope these songs explain this fact and themselves.

Nicolai Lopatnikoff offers a Sonatina in three movements, the first and third of a strongly marked rhythmic character, the middle movement more song-like, with some suggestion of a Russian background. Another piano work is the Sonata of Bernard Wagenaar, which is in three movements, to be played

American Aids Florentine Art

Orchestra Is Organized by Woman

Washington, Dec. 26.—An orchestral society has been formed in Florence, Italy, as the result of initiative on the part of an American woman resident in that city. By circularizing the community, she enlisted the necessary support for the project, according to a report from Jos. Emerson Haven, U. S. Consul in Florence, made public by the Department of Commerce. The first concert was scheduled for Dec. 9.

Realizing the need for such an organization, the promotor prepared and forwarded circulars to the American colony in Florence, consisting of approximately five hundred persons, outlining the formation of an orchestral society to be composed of native talent and calling for pledges covering a period of three years to meet any deficiency which might develop at the end of the concert season.

Florentines Join

These circulars were issued in the spring of 1928, and the project met with an enthusiastic reception, not only from American residents, but from members of foreign colonies, as well as from socially prominent members of Florentine society, who signified their desire to be associated with the movement.

The promise of substantial financial grants was further obtained from the municipality and the Government, and the support of local commercial interests was assured.

The orchestra will consist of ninety members, preference being given to musicians of Tuscan birth, although talent from other sections of the kingdom may be incorporated if desirable. Twenty concerts during the course of the winter season are contemplated and while those who have pledged their financial support to the Society will be given the option of individual boxes and seats for the concert series, season tickets may also be purchased.

ALFRED T. MARKS

without pause. Paragraphs is for two violins and cello.

Assisting artists at the Dec. 30 concert are to be the Hans Lange Quartet, consisting of Hans Lange, first violin; Arthur Schuller, second violin; Zoltan Kurthy, viola, and Percy Such, 'cello; Benjohn Ragsdale, baritone; John Duke, Colin McPhee and Marc Blitzstein, pianists.

Composers are invited to send manuscripts for consideration for future concerts—chamber music only—to Copland-Sessions Concerts, Room 1601, Steinway Building, New York.

SAN DIEGO BOOKINGS

Teachers Course Has Five Attractions

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The Ninth District Congress of the Parent Teachers announced its course this season will include the Dorris Boy Choir of the Willshire Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, Dec. 29; Chief Yowlache, vocalist, and Homer Grunn, pianist, Jan. 19; Bathie Stuart, New Zealand interpreter of folk lore, Feb. 16, and Florence Austral, soprano, March 18. The course is under the direction of Flora Herzinger, and will be given in the Roosevelt Auditorium.

Capacity audiences greeted John Philip Sousa and his band when they appeared in two concerts in the Spreckels Theatre. A pleasant feature was the appearance of the local Senior High School Band, conducted by Mr. Sousa. Baily Warren, school tenor, sang a number with the band.

W. F. R.



Roger Sessions

ated from Harvard in June, 1915, and entered the Yale Music School for post-graduate work under Dr. Horatio Parker. Two years later he received his degree from Yale, and the Steinert prize for an overture as the best production of the year. The following autumn he went to Smith College, where he taught

NEW MUSIC

*Chimes and Curfew for the Organ—
Something New for the Piano and
Melody for the Violin*

By Sydney Dalton

ORGANISTS are never at a loss for new material to add to their repertory, either of the recital or church varieties. Among the recent offerings there are several that are deserving of attention. Cor Kint's Prelude Pastoral is particularly attractive. It is a very good example of the pastoral mood and the composer has developed his themes skillfully and never monotonously. Curfew Melody, by William T. Timmings, is an easy, tuneful number for church or teaching purposes, and Franklin Glynn's idyl, Southern Twilight, makes use of the organ chimes.

From the same press (Arthur P. Schmidt Co.) come two pieces by F. Leslie Calver that are well written. The chimes are particularly well used in Minster Chimes, and the music is imaginative. Christmas Fantasia, based on the melodies In dolci Jubilo and Adeste Fideles, offers a seasonal number that should be particularly popular. Its effectiveness is much greater than its technical demands.

For the Piano

Ernest Schelling's five Silhouettes, Con Fantasia, Agitato, Tempo di Valse, Ritmicissimo and Tempestuoso, published in the Association of Music School Settlements Series (Carl Fischer) are outstanding among recent contributions by American composers to the literature for the piano. Mr. Schelling is not only a musicianly, thoughtful composer who writes for his instrument with a fluency born of long experience, but he has ideas that have the freshness of true inspiration. All five of these pieces are difficult virtuoso numbers, and it is to be hoped that they receive the attention they deserve from concert pianists—though only too many concert pianists seem not to know that much good music for the piano is still being written.

Recital givers will be interested in some recent transcriptions by Ignaz Friedman of three piano pieces of ancient origin. There is an Old English Minuet (The Countess of Westmoreland's Delight) by William Shield (1758-1829), Tambourin, by Antoine Dornel (1695-1765) and the Nocturne in B Flat by John Field (1782-1837), a

favorite, in its original version, with potential pianists. While Mr. Friedman retains the spirit of the composers' ideas, he has not hesitated to add decorations and elaborations *a la* present day pianism, with the result that all three, together with the earlier numbers in the same series (Universal-Edition), are admirable modern piano pieces.

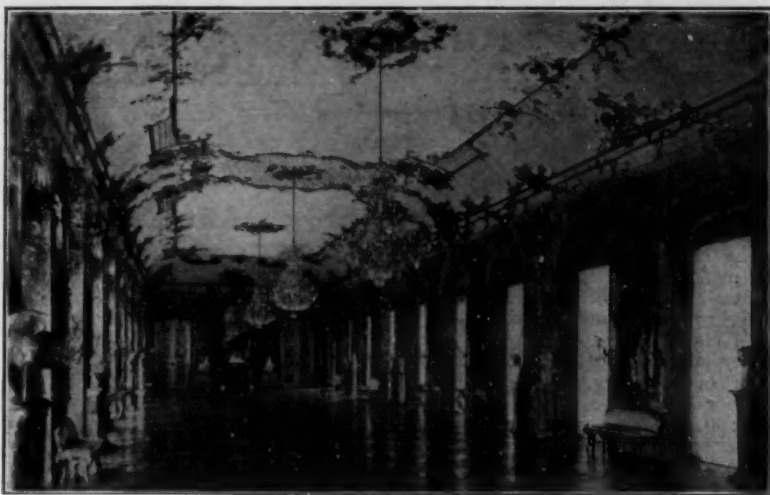
Goldmark's Series

Of a set of ten pieces by Rubin Goldmark, entitled Virginitus Puerisque (Carl Fischer) only two, the first and the last, have been received. Their titles are Hallowe'en and At Eventide (Nocturnal). If these two are representative of the entire set, and no doubt they are, Mr. Goldmark has contributed something of exceptional value to piano literature. He intended them, primarily, for teaching purposes, and as such they should make friends of all teachers who utilize material not found in the standard repertory. But, as a matter of fact, the quality of the music, the freshness of the harmonic patterns and the musicianly workmanship should appeal to pianists who have regard for something besides mere virtuosity.

Evening Rain, by Ernest Harry Adams, is a smooth-flowing, melodious piano number that is helpful in acquiring the art of melody playing. From the same press (Arthur P. Schmidt Co.), there is a Serenade by Kennedy Thayne, and In Forest Green and A Whimsical Waltz, by Florence A. Goodrich, that are material for about the third grade. Tuneful and conventional in style. Gladys Cumberland's three pieces, Danse Petite, Boatman's Song and The Swallow Flight, are also Schmidt issues. They have rhythmical variety and simple melodies that will be understood by second grade pupils. Finally, Sarah Coleman Bragdon's Musical Moments, Rain, Indian Dance, Hollyhocks, A Merry Little Breeze, The Singing Harp and Clouds are well varied little pieces that might be attempted by pupils just finishing the first grade.

Violin Transcriptions

Among the well made transcriptions



Staatliche Bildstelle, Berlin

The Golden Gallery of Charlottenburg Castle, where students of the German Institute of Music for Foreigners will give a series of recitals.

*Gadski to Appear as
Isolde in N. Y.*

THE MANAGEMENT OF the German Grand Opera Company announces the addition of Tristan and Isolde to its repertoire for New York and on tour. The first Tristan performance, beginning at 7:45, will be given in the Manhattan Opera House, New York, on Jan. 14, with Johanna Gadski appearing as guest in the role of Isolde. Otilie Metzger-Lattermann will be the Brangene; Willy Zilken of the Leipsic Opera, Tristan; Carl Braun, King Marke; Werner Kius, Kurvenal, and Franz Egenieff, Melot. Ernest Knoch is to conduct.

for violin that have recently appeared there are four by Godfrey Ludlow that deserve the attention of violinists. Dark Eyes is a Russian Folk-Song in an engaging waltz rhythm. In the Cradle, by Eva Louise Bradley, and Lullaby, by Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg are in the mood of the berceuse; melodious and well adapted to the instrument. Mr. Ludlow has also transcribed Moskowsky's popular Valse in E. The same publisher (Carl Fischer) issues Paolo Gallico's violin version of Chopin's Mazurka, Op. 17, No. 4, making it into a piece that violinists are sure to like. There is also Harry Fradkin's concert transcription of Paganini's Caprice XVI, technically difficult and Renee Chemet's transcription of a little piece by Florence Schuette, entitled Mother's Memory.

Stokowski is Guest Leader

*Conducts Local Forces
in Detroit*

DETROIT, Dec. 26.—Leopold Stokowski was guest conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 13 and 14, offering Brahms' First Symphony, and three Bach numbers,—two chorale preludes and the Passacaglia. Palmer Christian was at the organ.

The Detroit Symphony's Sunday concert on Dec. 2 was led by Eugene Goossens. Svendsen's Carnival in Paris, the Surprise Symphony by Haydn and works by Tchaikovsky, Grainger and Wagner were on the list.

The Orpheus Club gave the first of two annual concerts to sustaining members in Orchestra Hall on Dec. 11, with Dan Gridley, tenor, as soloist. On the program were Shenandoah, a sea chanty arranged by Bartholomew, Harling's Persian Idyl, and compositions by Haydn, Handel, Bantock and Schubert. Harriett Ingersoll accompanied, and Georges Miquelle played the 'cello.

Respighi Appears

Ottorino Respighi and Mme. Respighi were heard at the first meeting of Pro Musica's second season in the Detroit Institute of Art. Twenty-one members of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra assisted, as did also Joseph Gerner, violinist. Respighi's Three Botticelli Paintings for orchestra, his Sonata for piano and violin and a number of his songs were features of the program.

A capacity audience heard Fritz Kreisler give a recital in the Arcadia Auditorium on Dec. 12, when Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

HELEN A. G. STEPHENSON.

MATTHAY SOCIETY PRESENTS DANFORTH

The New York Committee of the American Matthay Association, consisting of American pupils of Tobias Matthay, presented Pauline Danforth in a recital at the Studio Club on Dec. 14 for the benefit of the scholarship fund of the association.

Miss Danforth gave a well balanced program consisting of the Arietta by Leonardo Leo; two sonatas by Scarlatti; Ravel's sonatine; Frank's Prelude, chorale and Fugue; Bartok's Allegro Barbero and three numbers by Chopin. She was well received by an enthusiastic house.

The New York committee includes Richard McClanahan, Gertrude Leonard, Caroline Burch, Mrs. Franklin Adams, Mrs. Stocking and Mary Hopkins Emerson.



Staatliche Bildstelle, Berlin

Charlottenburg Castle, where the German Institute of Music for Foreigners will have its 1929 summer session.

Dreams Come True at Charlottenburg

Famous Masters to Teach at German Institute For Foreigners

By Albert H. A. Throckmorton



Photo by Willott, Berlin
Eugen d'Albert

WILHELM FURTWANGLER, Walter Gieseking, Joseph Szigeti—these are three names to conjure with in any land, and their appearing as teachers in the same school at the same time would ordinarily seem to be one of those wonders possible only to the land of the free and the millionaires. But no less a person than H. W. Draber, festival secretary of the Societe Internationale de Musique, formerly private secretary to Sir Henry Wood, musician of catholic training and wide acquaintance throughout Europe and America, tells us that this dream and many others will be realized at the first summer session of the German Institute of Music for Foreigners, between June 1 and July 31, 1929.

"Up to 1914," Mr. Draber, managing secretary of the Institute explains, "Germany was characterized throughout the world as the Land of Music. German music, especially instrumental music and music-drama, had made itself everywhere respected and beloved. The historical events which took place in the meantime have wrought enormous changes, not only in the field of politics, but also in the branches of cultured life.

"So music, too, has suffered much in all countries, even in Germany, with its old, and sturdy traditions. For these traditions had created a group of undeniable great masters; masters whose names cannot be erased from the musical life of the world. Never has a whole country been so saturated with the love of music as were Germany and Austria during the last century and down to the present day. The profusion of opera houses, symphony orchestras, chamber music societies, musical festivals and conservatories throughout the whole country is an irrefutable proof of this.

"Just as we Germans are ready to accept from other lands whatever seems vital and productive, so we think ourselves justified in trying to win recognition for that part of our art which we believe has a future, in which we have faith and which we feel closely related to us.

THE German Institute of Music for Foreigners was founded with the idea of serving this exchange in the field of music. It is not a conservatory, not a school of music where the student may receive instruction which, divided over a period of years, shall lead logically to musical maturity. On the contrary, master classes of two months duration are offered to musicians who have already reached this

state of musical ripeness. Beside this specialised study there will be opportunity for further stimulation in lectures on the aesthetics and history of music.

"All professors of the institute are representative of the best German tradition in music. The courses are to be given in the months of June, July and August, so that it will be possible for younger concertizing musicians and busy music teachers to attend during their vacations. Almost all courses last two months.

"In recognition of the importance of the institute the Minister of Arts and Science has placed at its disposal exquisitely beautiful rooms in the Charlottenburg Castle. These even include one of the most famous of rococo halls, the lovely Golden Gallery—here the students will give a series of recitals.

"Although when the courses begin the winter musical season in Berlin will be at an end, the students will, nevertheless, have an opportunity to hear opera performances, orchestral and chamber music concerts under especially favorable circumstances. In the spring of 1929 for the first time there will be given a series of festive performances in which the best native singers and musicians together with world famous guests will take part. Further, one of the three great opera houses will continue its performances throughout the whole summer, thus enabling the students to attend opera during the entire months of July and August.

"So, even though here for a comparatively short time, the students will feel and profit by the intense musical atmosphere of modern Berlin."

MR. DRABER is anxious that Americans interested in the Institute should realize all the classes are to be taught by the masters themselves, there will be no classes actually taught by assistants and merely visited from time to time by the masters in whose name they are given. The latter include Eugen d'Albert, Edwin Fischer, Walter Gieseking, the first two teaching piano master classes, while Gieseking will give lecture-recitals devoted to questions of style; Willy Hess and Joseph Szigeti teaching violin classes; Carl Schuricht giving a series of classes in orchestral conducting.

Dr. Alfred Einstein is to lecture on Romantic Music to the Light of the Twentieth Century. Dr. Hugo Leichtenritt, to whom all students desirous of lessons in musical theory and composition will be referred, will lecture on George Frederick Handel. Professor Dr. Curt Sachs will lecture on Music History and Ancient and Modern Musical Instruments. The Modern Movement in Music is to be the subject of three lectures by Dr. Adolf Weissman. There will also be lectures on Musical Notation and Printing and on the Value to Art and Science of the Music Department of the Prussian State Library, by Professor Dr. Johannes Wolf.

There will be no instruction at the Institute in singing, as the Germans feel they have no uniquely important

message to impart on the subject. All lectures are to be given in German and English, as the result of very extended searching for the professors of the first rank who speak English.

During the term of the Institute the Vienna Opera Company is to visit Berlin and there will be a festival culminating in a concert of the combined Vienna and Berlin Philharmonic orchestras, under Furtwangler.

To my inquiry as to whether the Institute was designed especially for Americans Mr. Draber replied emphatically in the negative. "We had," he said, "two Japanese students enrolled almost before the Institute was founded. The Russian Government has established two scholarships for study at the Institute."

"Are there any other scholarships at the school?"

"I regret to say," Mr. Draber replied, "that the cost of the Institute is to be so much, even with the tuition fees that have been established, that the Institute cannot possibly afford to give any scholarships. It is hoped that



Wide World Photo
Walter Gieseking and Joseph Szigeti

other foreign governments may establish scholarships for their own nationals, or perhaps even that private benefactors may come to the aid of worthy musicians.

BUT you may not realize what a task it has been to persuade the members of the faculty of our Institute to give up their summer travels and vacations. Ordinarily these artists, who spend a good part of their winter season in Berlin, would seek refuge in their villas in Switzerland or at the sea. The Charlottenburg castle, to be sure, is a perfectly delightful spot, but teaching is the last thing artists are anxious to do in the summer time. We have therefore been obliged to guarantee a minimum number of lessons, for which the tuition will just



Wilhelm Furtwangler

barely pay. All other expenses we are carrying without the aid of the students."

"Will there be any instruction for those not far advanced in their technique?"

"No. We are anxious to enlist the co-operation of conservatories throughout the world, and we do not think of competing with them in any way. As far as instruction goes, you in America do not need to set foot outside your own country, for your schools and conservatories can afford to engage the best artists and teachers of all countries. I should like to send my own son to one of your big schools, for there are certainly none finer anywhere. But no student, no matter with whom he studies, can fail to grow through contact with personalities of the stature of a Gieseking or a Szigeti, and with the atmosphere of the old world, and for this reason we feel confident that schools all over the world will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity which their students will have to gain a new perspective on their work."

"Is the Institute to be a summer affair exclusively," I asked, "or shall you continue in some form throughout the year?"

"The classes will be held in the summer only," Mr. Draber replied. "But we hope that musicians will write to us for all sorts of information throughout the year. If there is a manuscript in Germany that is wanted by anyone we will have it photostated at cost. If there is any information about German music or musicians that we can give we are glad to donate our services, and charge the person requesting the information only for those expenses which we ourselves may have had to lay out.

"In every country, too, there are unscrupulous concert agents, who mulct visiting artists of half of what they should get from their tours. We are, unhappily, not free of these parasites in Germany either, and the Institute hopes that artists unfamiliar with German concert agents and musical conditions will write to our Information Bureau for whatever advice we can furnish them, which we will be glad to do, of course, gratis."

The Institute will gladly furnish information as to the cost of room and board in Berlin, as well as recommended addresses and rooms for practice. Inquiries and applications (the latter to be accompanied by a deposit of \$5) are to be addressed to the German Institute of Music for Foreigners, Berlin W 15, Kurfürstendamm 26a, Germany.

Gabrilowitsch Impresses

Baltimore Greet Him As Conductor

BALTIMORE, Dec. 26.—Appearing as guest conductor with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Lyric Theatre on Dec. 12, Ossip Gabrilowitsch made his local debut in this capacity and impressed a large audience with his fine handling of the splendid forces placed at his command. Schubert's symphony in C and works by Strauss, Moussorgsky and Dukas served to show how broad are his sympathies.

The Baltimore Music Club, Mrs. Harry C. Primrose, president, gave an interesting program in Hooper Hall on Dec. 11. Ruth Hutzler, pianist; Maude Albert, contralto, and Mignon Tiefenbrun, dancer, with Virginia Castelle and Selma Tiefenbrun as accompanists, were the artists.

Singer Halts Program

John Charles Thomas appeared at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Dec. 14. He began with his usual artistry, but after singing two groups of songs with apparent ease, announced that indisposition prevented him from completing the program. F. W. Hodges was the accompanist.

Edward Johnson gave the first of a series of morning musicales sponsored by Katie Wilson-Greene in the Belvedere Hotel, Dec. 12. Blair Neale accompanied.

The School of Musical Arts gave its first concert Dec. 11. The program was presented by members of the faculty: Roberta Felty Franke, pianist, and Marcel Ancher, 'cellist.

FRANZ C. BORNSCHEIN.

HARPISTS RETURN FROM TOUR



CARLOS SALZEDO and the six members of his harp ensemble have been enjoying the sunshine of Florida, as will be seen from the above photograph taken on the beach at Jacksonville. They have returned from an extensive tour which took them to Texas, Louisiana, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Ohio and Kentucky. They also appeared in Winnipeg and Toronto, Canada.

Salzedo's orchestral appearance this Fall were with the Springfield (Illinois) Symphony and with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra where he played his own Concerto for harp and seven wind instruments under Fritz Reiner's leadership. On Dec. 16 the ensemble contributed to the program of the annual ladies' evening of the Bohemians. The Salzedo Harp Ensemble is composed of Carlos Salzedo, Lucile Lawrence, premiere harpist, Marietta Bitter, second harpist, Grace Weymer and Eleanor Shaffner, first harps, and Thurema Sokol and Carolin Howell, second harps.

ARDMORE, OKLA.—The Philharmonic Club sponsors a series of five music appreciation lectures by F. A. Power.

At Breslau the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is to be given with a pantomimic and scenic interpretation.

Wm. Boeppler Is Dead

Was Choral Conductor and Chicago Teacher

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—William Boeppler, prominent as a choral conductor and teacher, died on Dec. 11. He had just returned to Chicago from a prolonged tour of Europe and the Holy Land when he became ill.

Mr. Boeppler was born in Pferdsfeld, Germany, in 1863. He gained a thorough education at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig, majoring in theology. Upon his graduation he was ordained as a minister, but soon gave up clerical work to devote his entire time to music. He came to America in 1895, settling in Milwaukee, where he soon organized the Milwaukee A Cappella Choir.

Was Also Journalist

For three years following, Mr. Boeppler engaged in journalistic work as music editor of several papers, and in 1899 he organized the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music. In 1902 he founded the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, which was disbanded when Mr. Boeppler moved to Chicago in 1905. In Chicago, besides teaching, he organized and directed a large number of German choral organizations, several of which have been among the foremost of the city. Among these are the Chicago Singverein, the Chicago Bach Chorus and the Lake View Ladies' Chorus.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Pauline Small, soprano, and Willis Quant, pianist, were recently presented in All Souls' Church by Mrs. George Emery and Mary Witters.

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Names and What Their Owners Are Doing

Josef Martin, pianist, will give his first New York recital this season at the Golden Theatre, on Sunday evening, Dec. 30.

Andres Segovia, Spanish guitarist, will open his season with a New York recital at Town Hall on the afternoon of Dec. 29. This will be followed by a second recital on Sunday afternoon Jan. 6, also at Town Hall.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra will give a concert in honor of the eighty-fifth meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 13.

Isabelle Burnada and Oliver Stewart repeated in Jordan Hall, Boston, on Dec. 3, the program given in Steinway Hall, New York, on Nov. 21.

Jerome Swinford, baritone, and Laurence Wolfe, who was a leading tenor with the Munich Opera for two years, were booked to sing in special holiday performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in St. Louis on Dec. 21 and 22.

The Kedroff Quartet are working eastward and will spend the holidays in New York until after their Town Hall concert on Jan. 9, at which they will present numbers from their repertoire of Russian folk songs, ballads and music from Eastern Orthodox Church services.

Hans Wiener, young Viennese dancer, has been engaged for performances by the Geneva Woman's Club, Geneva, N. Y., and Wells College, Aurora, N. Y. He will be assisted by a group of dancers trained by him for performances in this country. Holland Robinson, composer-pianist will act as accompanist.

Josephine Martino, soprano, has been engaged for an appearance with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra on April 28.

Arthur Johnson, tenor from Portland, Ore., who was scheduled for a New York recital at the Town Hall in February will not make his debut until October, 1929.

Luella Melius was soprano soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Henri Verbrugghen conducting, on Nov. 22 and 23.

George Meader sang Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky in that city on Dec. 7 and 8.

Serge Prokofioff will return to America next season to fulfill engagements during November and December, 1929, and January, 1930. Already the Boston Symphony Orchestra has engaged him for seven performances as piano soloist.

Ernest Hutcheson's Chicago recital is scheduled for March 3. The following day, Mr. Hutcheson is booked for a recital at Eureka College.

Sylvia Lent has been engaged by the Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore for a recital on Jan. 11. She will present a Sonata by Gustave Strube. On Jan. 14, Miss Lent is booked in Williamsport, Pa., in the Community Concerts Course, and on Jan. 16, in Philadelphia with the Matinee Musical Club.

Bruce Simonds, who will give his postponed piano recital in New York on

Dec. 30 in Town Hall, will appear in Buffalo with the Chromatic Club on Jan. 26, in New Haven on Jan. 17, and in New York again at two private musicales on April 29 and 30.

Carl Friedberg is scheduled for a piano recital at Carnegie Hall, New York, Jan. 11.

Yolanda Mero will play in Frederick, Md., on Jan. 11, in a recital at Hood College; the following day she is to appear in Chambersburg, Pa., at Wilson College, and on Jan. 16, in Community Concerts Course in Bethlehem, Pa., in collaboration with the Flonzaley Quartet, presenting the Schumann Quintet.

Beryl Rubinstein, director of the piano department of the Cleveland In-

stitute of Music, and Arthur Loesser, of the Institute's piano faculty, will appear as soloists with the Cleveland Orchestra on Jan. 3 and 4. This will be Mr. Rubinstein's seventh appearance with the Orchestra, and Mr. Loesser's third.

Maria Koussevitzky, soprano of the Pennsylvania Grand Opera Company, recently appeared in Philadelphia in novel productions, The Demon by Rubinstein and Verbum Nobile by Manuska. On Nov. 23rd she was soloist for the Easton, Pa., Symphony Orchestra. She also sang at a musicale given by Mrs. Charlton Yarnall in the Acorn Club, Philadelphia. In January Mme. Koussevitzky will give two private recitals, and in February will be heard in a public recital in the Academy of Music Foyer.

Anna Duncan will make her only New York appearance this season on Jan. 15, in Carnegie Hall. Miss Duncan will be assisted by an orchestra of

forty-two Philharmonic-Symphony men, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy.

Arthur Hackett, tenor, will give a New York recital Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5, at Town Hall.

Carmela Ponselle, at the request of the Rev. Segal of St. Stephen's Church, will sing at a Christmas party Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30, on the Illinois, for the Water Scout Crippled Children and 500 sailors.

Luella Melius, soprano, will give a New York recital in the Town Hall on Feb. 19.

The De Packh Symphony Ensemble, now playing with White Lilacs in Jol-

Helen Moore, of the Rollins Conservatory of Music, Winter Park, Fla., was heard in a piano recital on Dec. 6, at the Congregational Church. Miss Moore's program consisted of numbers by Brahms, Ravel, Godowsky, Liszt, Bach and Chopin.

William Durieux, 'cellist, has returned from Europe and resumed his activities with the American Symphony Orchestra, the Greenwich Symphony Orchestra, which he conducts, and with his concert programs. Mr. Durieux has been engaged for a recital in London on June 27, 1929. He played over the radio in Holland. He was scheduled to play in joint recital with Marion Carley, pianist, in Hollidaysburg, Pa., on Oct. 19, and has been re-engaged for a concert in Hacketts-town, Pa. Miss Carley will be the soloist at the initial concert of the Greenwich Symphony Orchestra, April 24.

The Department of German of the College of the City of New York presented a Kunstabend in the Bryant High School Auditorium in the Borough of Queens, New York, Dec. 12. The Octet of the Brooklyn Deutscher Verein, pupils from the classes of L. L. Taub, O. P. Peterson, Arta Schmidt and Meta Schumann took part. Mme. Schumann accompanied in eight songs written by Robert Schumann to verses of Heine.

The Rubinstein Club will celebrate presidents' day on Wednesday, Jan. 2, at its second musicale of the season.

Princess Bederkhan, oriental dancer, and Frieda Williams, soprano, will give the second of the New Rochelle Young People's Subscription Concerts under the direction of Veronica Govers in the Senior High School on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8. The third in the series will be a joint recital by Donald Pirnie and Erna Rubinstein, and the fourth a piano recital by Elly Ney.

Dr. Simeon Rumschisky was assisting artist at the second of the Sunday afternoon concerts, given Dec. 9, in the chamber music series which the David Mannes Music School in New York has added to its courses. The series is presented by the Lenox String Quartet and assisting artists, with Leopold D. Mannes' giving explanatory talks. This program embraced Haydn's G major quartet, Op. 77, No. 1, and the Schubert B flat major trio. The next program will take place Jan. 13.

Mrs. Edwin Franko Goldman and Ralph Leopold, pianist, were soloists at the recital of Lohengrin, given in Aeolian Hall, New York, on Dec. 5. In addition to playing the *motifs* and short excerpts, Mr. Leopold presented his own transcriptions of the Prelude, Elsa's Dream and Prayer, the finale to Act I Elsa's Balcony Song, the Procession to the Cathedral, Introduction to Act 3 and Bridal Chorus, the Love Song, Lohengrin's Narrative and the Finale. Explanatory remarks were made by Mrs. Goldman.

Josef Lhevinne and Sergei Rachmaninoff returned to New York Dec. 11 on the Berengaria, after several months spent in Europe. The immediate reason for Mr. Lhevinne's return was to spend Christmas with Mme. Rosina Lhevinne and their two children at their home at Kew Gardens, L. I. Early in January, he will begin his American tour, which calls for three New York appearances and programs throughout the country. In company with Mme. Lhevinne, he will give several recitals for two pianos.



Andres Segovia, Spanish guitarist, who is to be heard today in Town Hall, in his first appearance in America this season.



SELECTED BROADCASTS



*George Gershwin on Feeding Music to the Mike—
Christmas Cheer and Carols—A New Wrinkle of This
Mechanical Age*

Reviewed by David Sandow

GEORGE GERSHWIN, whose pianistic accomplishments are almost as well known to radio addicts as his blues, vouchsafes the following secrets for those pianists who would a-broadcasting go.

Says this rhapsodist: "Music for radio transmission must be clear and crisp as the modern newspaper. I rarely use the pedal. Sustained notes hang in the air to blur the next chord. I like the way radio needs its music bitten off sharp and clear. Its very swiftness is characteristic of modern life and modern music."

Very well, George, you're a pianist and I'm not. But it seems that keyboard virtuosi, like doctors, often disagree. For unless astigmatism has warped my vision I have noticed more than a few of your confreres employing the pedal as well as the manual extremities in the performance of their microphonic chores. As for your first statement, (we'll pass over the simile) a clean technic is essential, for all too often programs are ruined by shoddy performances. But I trust when you agree you "like the way radio needs its music bitten off" . . . you are not referring to the many abruptly curtailed performances which have been perpetrated!

THE Pacific coast was permanently linked to the nation-wide National Broadcasting Company's network on Dec. 24, when a twenty-four hour program circuit from Denver to San Francisco was hooked up for coast-to-coast distribution of programs. This final link required over a year's intensive work and is the last arrangement in connecting the fifty-eight stations associated with the NBC. For eighteen months experiments were made to assure uniform transmission to and from the west coast. Successful installation of this circuit is regarded by engineers as an achievement of the first magnitude and will enable the NBC to provide the entire country with its network programs.

The company's eastern circuits serve 69.4% of the radio audience, and this Pacific coast system reaches an additional 12.1%, according to a recent survey. The new link adds 1.2% and brings to listeners in the mountain districts, who before had heard only special programs and events of national importance, the same programs heretofore heard only in the east and on the west coast. With the inauguration of this trans-continental circuit practically every major program heard through the NBC system becomes national in fact.

THE radio impresarios, always astute opportunists, took full advantage of the recent purse-depleting holiday to saturate listeners-in with an overflowing compliment of Christmas cheer, carols and what-nots. Practically every commercial and sustaining feature deemed it its own particular duty to make certain that homes blessed with radio sets should not lack for appropriate Yuletide music and sentiments. And as we go to press the end is not yet, for many other celebrations are scheduled for fireside consumption. But seriously, even though the overdose almost obliterated peace on earth and good will toward—radio broadcasters, there were many observances which were exceedingly moving and meritorious. And this department's trimmed Christmas tree goes to the NBC for its commendable and highly edifying performance of Handel's Messiah.

CAROLINA LAZZARI regaled attendants of the Sonora Hour over the CBS on Dec. 20 with various numbers from the contralto literature. Making her first microphone appearance, Miss Lazzari evoked wonder that she has so long delayed her entry in the ranks of the broadcasters. Her voice, admirably produced and properly projected, is eminently adapted for traveling over the ether channels. Surrounding the soloist were sundry Sonora artisans who are now on familiar and happy terms with many dial turners. The Sonora Hour, by the way, is now a coast to coast feature.

DESPITE its impressive reputation and its uniform efforts on Dec. 17, it cannot be said that the Dayton Westminster Choir made consummate broadcast fare when it appeared in the Gen-

eral Motors Family Party. With all its improvements, radio transmission of large choral groups still leaves something to be desired. The several numbers by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, however, offered the technicians more plastic material and the orchestra again proved one of the country's best.

OLIVE KLINE, Elsie Baker, William Simmons and Arthur Hackett, singly and together further contributed to radio's Christmas manifestations in the Atwater Kent Hour over the NBC system on Dec. 23.

AND now comes a new wrinkle further to mechanize the already highly mechanical process of music-recreation which we know as broadcasting. Shortly after the New Year

Suggested Program in Concert Arrangement

THE FOLLOWING program of symphonic, operatic and recital music is suggested for Saturday, Jan. 5:

7:30 p. m., Genia Fonariova, NBC System.

8 p. m., Walter Damrosch and National Orchestra, NBC System.

9:30 p. m., The Philco Hour, NBC System.

The numbers of each period are indicated in The Turn of the Dial.

is ushered in, Radio Productions, Inc., plan to record programs on films for broadcasting over regular radio stations. Another firm, the Universal Broadcasting System, will record programs to run one hour on discs and plans to form a chain for use of this means of presenting radio programs. The prime motive behind it all is to eliminate the cost of leasing land wires, an expensive item of the present chain broadcasting systems. While it is obviously too soon, and perhaps unfair, to comment on the new project, one drawback already comes to mind. Whereas listeners now feel at least a modicum of contact with the artist, the recorded broadcast will sever this one remaining personal link. But let's await its advent and then we shall see what we shall see. Or is it hear?

GRAHAM McNAMEE'S annunciations have on occasions required that he literally take to the air. During the past two years, Graham has traveled over 10,000 miles by airplane in hopping from one big broadcast to the other.

STEINWAY AND SONS GIVE PROGRAMS

The Steinway Choral Society appeared to advantage at Christmas concerts given by Steinway and Sons on Dec. 20 and 21. The first program was held in the Riker Avenue factory and the second in the factory on Ditmars Avenue. E. Eckner conducted numbers which included Lortzing's Festival Overture, excerpts from Hansel and Gretel and a descriptive fantasia entitled Merry Christmas by E. Koedel. Items for male voices, with orchestra were Hail, Holy Night, by Tappert, and Little Jack Horner by Lake. The soloist was R. Gleissner, tenor, who sang Siegmund's Love Song from the Valkyrie and Ball's Who Knows.

MRS. LINCOLN'S DRESS IS WORN BY JESS

A dress that was once in the wardrobe of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln will be worn by Grace Wood Jess, singer of folk songs, when she gives a program in the Playhouse, New York, on Sunday evening, Jan. 13. This dress is one of the period costumes Miss Jess wears in presenting her recitals of songs from many lands. For her return to New York, she has arranged a list that includes music representative of the southern states, such as Louisiana ballads, Creole melodies, Kentucky mountain airs and Negro spirituals. She also specializes in Spanish, French and Russian folk music.

THE TURN OF THE DIAL

¶ Kathryn Meisle, contralto, and Albert Spalding, violinist, in the Atwater Kent Hour over the NBC System on Sunday, Dec. 30, at 9:15 p. m.

¶ Beethoven's Coriolanus Overture, Dvorak's New World Symphony and Debussy's Children's Corner suite will be played by the United Symphony Orchestra over the CBS, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3 p. m.

¶ Ivan Ivantsoff, baritone, soloist in the De Forest Hour. CBS, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 10 p. m.

¶ Works by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Grieg and Massenet will be played by the Concert Orchestra of WBAL, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7 p. m.

¶ New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra over WOR, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3 p. m.

¶ Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by the Roxy Orchestra, soloists and chorus. Roxy Stroll, NBC System, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 p. m.

¶ A program of Negro spirituals will be sung by Reinald Werrenrath in the Old Company's Hour. NBC System, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7 p. m.

¶ Planquette's Rip Van Winkle by the National Light Opera Company over the NBC System; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 10:15 p. m.

¶ Weber, Beethoven, Goldmark and Tchaikovsky are the composers represented in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's program, Frederick Stock conducting. Midwest NBC System; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 6 p. m. C. S. T.

¶ Thomas Muir, tenor soloist in the Lowney Radio Hour. CBS; Monday, Dec. 31, at 9 p. m.

¶ Frieda Hempel, soprano, and Genaro Papi, conductor, in the General Motors Family Party over the NBC System; Monday, Dec. 31, at 9:30 p. m.

¶ Von Suppe's Fatinitza will be sung by the United Light Opera Company over the CBS; Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 10 p. m.

¶ Dolores Cassinelli, soprano, Julian Oliver, tenor, and Los Sevillanos in Spanish program over the NBC System; Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 10:30 p. m.

¶ Concert program in the Kolster

Hour. CBS; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 10 p. m.

¶ Mozart, Hadley, Schumann and Strauss numbers in the Slumber Hour. NBC System; Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 11 p. m.

¶ The Music Room will present works by Schubert, Ravel, Bach, Chopin and Brahms. CBS; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8 p. m.

¶ Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata will be played by Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg over the NBC System; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:35 p. m.

¶ Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens' Danse Macabre, Offenbach's Apache Dance and Beethoven's Rondino are included in the La Touraine Tableaux. NBC System; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30 p. m.

¶ Chicago Civic Opera Company, direct from the Auditorium Theatre. NBC System; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 10 p. m.

¶ Herbert, Rachmaninoff, Wood, Debussy and Saint-Saens compositions in the Seiberling Singers program. NBC System; Thursday, Jan. 3, at 9:30 p. m.

¶ Eighteenth century music in Milady's Musicians period. Ervia Giles, soprano, and Hans Barth, harpsichordist, with orchestra. NBC System; Thursday, Jan. 3, at 9 p. m.

¶ United Grand Opera Company over the CBS; Friday, Jan. 4, at 8 p. m.

¶ "Animals in Music" and "Horn and Trumpet" are the subjects Walter Damrosch's RCA Educational Concert. NBC System; Friday, Jan. 4, at 11 a. m.

¶ Schubert's Marche Heroique, Strauss' Emperor Waltz and excerpts from Smetana's Bartered Bride and Borodin's Prince Igor in the White House Dinner Concert. NBC System; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 6:30 p. m.

¶ Genia Fonariova, soprano, sings Schumann songs in program with orchestra over the NBC System; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 p. m.

¶ The National Orchestra with Walter Damrosch as lecturer-conductor will play the prelude to and finale from Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, in addition to numbers by Berlioz, Goldmark and Gluck. NBC System; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8 p. m.



MEPHISTO'S MUSINGS

An Epistular Communication Anent Haydn's Creation and One
Concerning Native Composition — A Plea
for the Alda Memoirs

DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

May I offer my sincere congratulations on the outcome of your \$3,000 prize contest. Three years ago when letters were pouring in to you thick and fast, I withheld mine. They seemed somehow a little premature; for, although the offer was generous, all is not gold that glistens and many a prize contest instituted with the most idealistic motives has perished practically without issue. Hence it was a cause for considerable rejoicing on my part when you announced the prize-winner as Ernest Bloch, for I knew then that whether or not "America" ranked with his greatest works it could not, being Bloch, be insignificant. Certainly serving it to six cities simultaneously via their own local orchestras was a coup that should prove composers' envy for years to come. And whether or not the anthem supplants, as Bloch hopes, The Star-Spangled Banner, it has at least had the advantage of becoming known overnight. Few indeed of the thousands having heard it will soon forget the America theme that is the essence of his final hymn.

Was Haydn Joking?

AMONG the bills that constitute a large part of my daily mail I received this morning, a letter you may be interested to read. Here it is,—or, to be accurate, here is part of it:

"I never thought of Papa Haydn as a practical joker until I heard the first performance of his Creation which the Friends of Music gave. It seemed to me (begging Heywood Brown's pardon) that Haydn was slyly getting even for general neglect of his oratorio by making demands on the performers that they weren't prepared to meet. I wish critics would stop talking about Haydn being 'naive,' etc., etc.

"I take off my hat to Wohlbe of his training of the chorus—it was the one big bright spot of the afternoon. But it takes more than preparatory training to deliver such goods as Haydn cut out and fashioned. It takes an animating spark at the performance itself. Of what use is a big keg of gunpowder if you don't touch it off? The chorus in Creation has orchestral association, and the men in this orchestra played as if they remembered they had another concert ahead of them right after dinner. The sooner the Friends get their own orchestra started, the better, say I.

"Fleischer is a fine artist. So is Meader, but they simply haven't the voices for this sort of thing. Where their voices should have blazed (and remember that Haydn wrote a few blazing passages for his angels), these usually admirable singers were content to be nicely liederish. I am quite aware that Haydn demanded his solo soprano be both dramatic and lyric, but at that he was too wise to expect the impossible, and I have heard sopranos get away with it. Yet, when all is said and done, the Friends ought to be patted on their back for giving Creation at all. I would suggest they keep on practising Creation for another year. Then by next winter we might expect a performance that wouldn't drive the critics into writing all around the subject and winding up with excuses."

WHAT Willem Mengelberg has to say about American composition is interestingly contained in a letter I've received from Edna Richolson Sollitt. Following a talk with him on this particularly pertinent subject, Mrs. Sollitt quotes him as remarking:

"The way to produce effective orchestral writing is to know the orchestra. And, with due regard for theoretical training of the most exhaustive kind, the way to know the orchestra is to listen to it, day in and day out, year in and year out, until what I call 'orchestral thinking' takes on a practical, workable familiarity. This is now within reach of the American composer.

"America now has several superlative orchestras and a growing multitude of good ones. The composer can study in numberless concerts the instrumental effects, the results of combinations, the efficacy of rhythmic devices. The numerous training bodies for young orchestra players have placed a first-hand contact within the power of many a future composer. These budding orchestras gave countless performances in a year, in all sections of the country, at nominal prices or by invitation. Player and listener alike benefit.

"All this range of opportunity is due to the generosity, the foresight and cultural devotion of the American music patron. By patron I do not mean one who goes to concerts merely; he is, indeed, the beneficiary. The patron is one who gives time which is taken from his large and important interests, or even from his brief rests; who writes

his name, not for a few seats or a box only, but for princely guarantees and enormous legacies; who gives his business experience and his organizing genius in the service of art.

"The impulse toward writing for orchestra is very strong in America, and

thorough rehearsing must be done. And the attitude of conductor and players must be that of respect and care. Only then is the presentation a benefit to the composer."

Warning!

WITH the Copland Sessions concerts, George Antheil is back again in the limelight—which, if what I hear is correct, must be disturbing indeed to the young man. A friend tells me that Antheil, according to his own story, went back to Europe to bury his head in shame, that when here in New York he had been a victim of an overdose of publicity which had hurt him so that it will take years to live it down. All of which should be a warning to young composers, it seems to me; not to start their careers with concertos for ambulances and steam rollers and the like. Such things are bound to make talk; our critics, eager for things new, go expectantly and are liable to disappointment. So many, in fact seemed disappointed with Antheil and said it so bluntly that I've wondered if living that down, too, will not take some time—and thoughtful effort.

Alda Speaks Up

SO Alda will be back at the Metropolitan next season after all. Rumor had it pretty well decided that she would not. Her contract was known to expire this week with Marta, her sixth and last performance. And in spite of her constant reiteration in the fall, at the time of the announcement of her divorce, that she and Mr. Gatti would remain friends and that she would continue to sing at the Metropolitan, it was pretty generally understood that her song there was ended. Now it seems that the melody will linger on. Mr. Gatti, quite in character, has had nothing to say save that "the announcement of the renewal of contracts is saved always for the end of the season." But Madame has taken the bit between her own teeth now and announced that "in view of the fact that so much publicity has been given to the statement that this is my last season at the Metropolitan Opera House, I am authorized by Mr. Otto Kahn to say that he has offered to renew my contract and that I have accepted it."

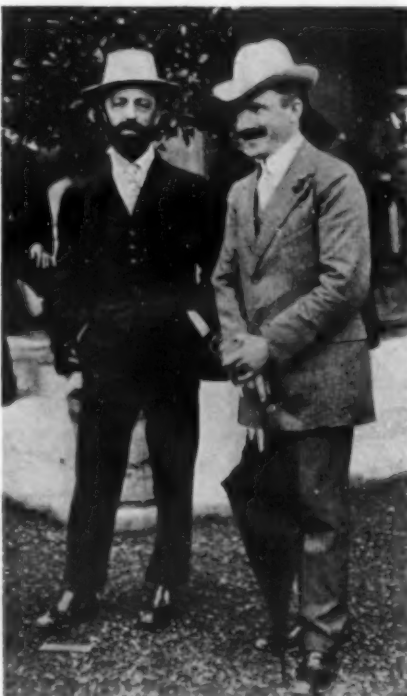
I am not in any haste to speed the parting guest. But Mme. Alda has promised us—her public—a book of memoirs that will tell the truth. Now of singers, as we all know, New York has its quota; but of prima donnas' memoirs that tell the whole truth there has always been a scarcity. Unless, (and of course it is quite possible), that Mme. Alda's new contract limits her to a very few performances, I am afraid she may not find all the time she will need for her writing—and I, personally, have gone to all the trouble of getting new glasses for your

Poor, tired, old

Mephisto



An interesting woodcut of Willem Mengelberg, a promising young Dutch conductor who is at present serving his ninth consecutive year at the helm of the New York Philharmonic



A somewhat significant portrait of Arturo Toscanini (with umbrella) taken at Montecatini, a favorite Italian resort. Sharing this fashion plate with Mr. Toscanini is Leone Simigaglia. (A. D. 1920)

that is natural. America is the logical ground for this activity, and all stages of advancement in the art have been cared for in the urge for symphonic expression, which is nationwide. Children's concerts, with able explanations, awaken interest and lay the foundation for a discriminating taste. Scholarships aid the gifted student in affording teachers equipped with practical experience as well as full theoretical knowledge. Competitions, financed with unselfish generosity, and conducted with absolute fairness, give opportunity for performing outstanding mature works.

"With the mechanism in such excellent condition here for producing an era of distinguished orchestral writing, there must be considered an appreciated the other all-important factor: ideas. All the technic and all the facility in the world will not make a good symphony, whether American or otherwise: the ideas, the originality of thought and depth of feeling must be there. And that all these are present in the American symphonic writer, and that the American orchestral repertoire is an accomplished fact, is best proved by such works as I have been producing for several seasons. It has been my deep pleasure as well as my duty to give them a prominent place on my programs.

"But just to present a work is not enough. The score must be profoundly familiar to the conductor; the players must study difficult sections; the most

Troglodytes and the Artist

Showing How Doris Niles Revamps Her Ballet to Please New York

By Ivan Narodny



Doris Niles as Anitra.

NEW YORK is a community of the fourth dimension, where Nature, God, logic and tradition have been banished by man's Ego. Evolutionary events in New York proceed on an abnormal, scale. The apparent rule of the material, brutality, rush for success and what not, are in their essentials nothing but sham rehearsals for performances that seldom take place. Briefly, it is a town of intellectual troglodytes, where men live in caves of steel and concrete, chased by a nightmare of mechanics and money.

Like in a magic power-house, life in New York proceeds on a dynamic order: more and more power! Foreigners mistake this for a madness for money. But the average New Yorker cares far less for money in monetary terms than an average Parisien, Berliner, Londoner or Muscovite. All he wants is power. Machines, money and social position are mere means to his dynamic ends. This all has brought about a peculiar attitude in our town-dwellers toward arts.

Dancers, musicians, singers, artists and authors with New Yorkers are not glorified aesthetic stars—they are social attractions, decorations of a dynamic consciousness. La Argentina, Doris Niles, Angna Enters or Michio Ito are for New Yorkers not 'artists,' but metaphysical phenomena. Consequently, a celebrated dancer from Berlin or Moscow, a marvelous musician from Paris or Buenos Aires may be a failure in New York, simply because he lacks the attraction power, the foremost question of a cave-dweller's consciousness.

I have been for some time a student of troglodyte psychology in the direction of aesthetics, and I have found that, in order to be an attraction in this town, one has to have a swollen Ego in addition to dynamic originality, besides a certain amount of money to hold out in the game. Like the tent-dwellers of Mongolia thus we in our contemporary caves are victims of aesthetic superstition, and prefer something of Houdini circus methods to Isadora Duncan's blunt sincerity. Most of our successful artists have to learn that

trick sooner or later. However, often that learning is a process of artistic perfection, as with many celebrities who failed at first, as Chaliapin, Rachmaninoff, La Argentina and many others.

After attending the second performance of Doris Niles, her sister Cornelia, and her ballet, on Sunday evening, December 16, at the Gallo Theatre, I must admit they proved not only a greatly improved attraction in the New York terms, but artistically they were far superior to their first appearance about a month ago. In studying our troglodytic psychology in order to bewitch our eyes

better, Miss Niles had staged an entirely new program for herself and her ensemble, which she had evidently rehearsed less and therefore felt deeper emotionally. Too much rehearsing makes some artists more sophisticated and less convincing. Salvini, the celebrated actor, once said to me:

"I am only able to give my best when I improvise, whereas too much technicality kills in me the natural fire of myself. I consider myself best when

I keep to the troubadour method of improvisation."

Salvini's principle evidently applies to Doris Niles. I was surprised to find that her previous intellectuality was gone and she had become a delightfully emotional dancer—dramatic and choreographic at the same time. She displayed a gripping dramatic idiom in Fate, to the music by Scriabine, although I could not agree with her conception in depicting the music plastically. Alexandre Borowsky, the well-known pianist and friend of Scriabine, once played this piece to me at Robert Chanler's house so graphically and with additional explanation, that I have a totally different image of depicted Fate—more correctly Destiny after literal translation—than Miss Niles gave in her dance. In the first place, Fate is much more a commanding image than Miss Niles modelled it; secondly, the composition has a greater variety of figures and episodes than the dancer showed.

Miss Niles is always perfect in rendering her ethnographic dances, especially the Spanish and the Russian, although in her last Sunday's Japanese dances she became too occidental. A most charming number was a dance called Sacred Monkeys, on the theme of "hear no evil; see no evil; speak no evil," performed by her three bal-



Cornelia Niles in a Spanish Gypsy Dance.

let girls. In the same way her Turkish harem dances seemed a little to puritanic, lacking in that sensuous languor and erotic impertinence which the Diaghileff Ballet Russe displayed so superbly in "Scheherezade."

Cornelia Niles kept her previous impression of charm in the La Nuit and Coral to the music of Debussy, Carnation Vendor by Albenis and Ramona's Serenade to the music by Yradier, in which she remained a real enchantress—outrivalling, in something, her sister.

The ensemble was this time far more attractive than on the first performance. Vladimir Brenner conducted the orchestra and Rondalla Uzandizaga the sextette of Spanish guitarists with excellent precision and in graphic style, so essential in dancing.

IT IS unjust to write only of what takes place in the conventional theatres and concert halls, and to ignore artists who, for some reason financial or otherwise, have been unable to hire a hall, manager, etc. I often feel like an anarchist when I see these tragedies, especially, when I see figures like the delightful Chinese dancer, Hoa-Lin, or the former Diaghileff star, Valentina Kashouba, etc. condemned to whatever they can get.

Mlle. Hoa-Lin, a graduate of the Leningrad ballet school, came to New York with great hopes for a successful display of her art, but outside of a few private engagements she had nothing and left. Her repertory included Chinese fairy tales and conventionalized temple dances, in which she was an exotic marvel.

"Instead of telling fairy tales, we Mongolians dance them to the on-lookers," explained Mlle. Hoa-Lin. "The reason for that is: what you cannot say in words, you can say in the hieroglyphs of your body. Many of our legends have to be danced in costumes of fantastic animals, as dragons, salamanders and spirits. Others we dance nude in the same abstract aesthetic spirit as the occidentals look on the nude sculpture in museums. The nude dancing is a special feature of Mongolian entertainments."

Mlle. Hoa-Lin gave a few performances in private homes in New York and returned to her home. Other splendid dancers, some of them with reputations elsewhere, of whom I may speak on another occasion, are struggling here and there by dancing in clubs or giving lessons—simply because our troglodytic minds do not care for 'art' but only for attractions.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

CHICAGO.—Artists of the Chicago Musical College have been fulfilling many engagements. Paul Breitweiser of the piano faculty, assistant to Mr. Boguslawski, gave a recital Dec. 9 at the northside Church of God. Lydia Mihm, soprano, appeared in recital at the Beverly Hill Woman's Club, Dec. 12. Nancy Berg, contralto, is soloist at the Englewood Swedish Baptist Church.

On Dec. 8, Winifred Stanz gave a soprano recital at the Three Arts Club. Kathleen Powell, contralto, gave a recital at the Stockton Culver College, Canton, Mo., on Dec. 18. Clifford Bair, tenor, soloist at the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dec. 16. George Gove, bass, was soloist, with orchestra, over WLS, on Dec. 11.

Martha Herrin, soprano, sang in the Garfield Baptist Church, Dec. 9. Elizabeth Klein, contralto, is soloist, and quartet member at the New England Congregational Church, which broadcasts over WIBO on Sunday afternoons.

Harvey Burch is relief organist at the Auditorium Theatre, Berwyn, Ill. Max Cahn gave a violin recital at Lyon and Healy's, Dec. 2.

Bat Is Super in Carmen

*Plays Obligato Role
in Philadelphia*

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—The famous Academy bat was an unlisted member of the cast that appeared at the performance of *Carmen* given Dec. 12 by the Pennsylvania Grand Opera Company. This quaint nocturnal mammal has never made an appropriate appearance in *Die Fledermaus* but has usually participated in some tragic or emotional operatic crisis. This time it was in the sentimental passages between the philandering Don Jose and his village sweetheart, Micaela. Giovanni Zenatello and Dorothy Fox, who were the incumbents of the roles, kept wary eyes on the obligato performer, who retired as suddenly as he appeared.

Merits are General

A well rounded performance was given, with a few deficiencies that, however, were obscured by general merits. Rhea Toniolo who took the title role, was not so well fitted for it as for a number of other parts in which she has appeared, notably in *Aida* and *Andres Chenier*. Her singing made up for somewhat uninspired acting. Zenatello was in fine voice, despite his veteran estate, and delivered the Flower song notably. Henri Scott's readvent as Escamillo was heartily welcomed. Both for its theatrical quality and smooth vocalism, his Toreador song deserved the numerous plaudits. Ruth Montague and Bianca Fiore were exceptionally good as Mercedes and Frasquita, both singing very beautifully. Maestro del Cupolo conducted with convincing fervor.

Luboschutz Acclaimed

Lea Luboschutz was the violin soloist at the third faculty concert of the Curtis Institute Dec. 12, in Casimir Hall. Her major offering was Saint-Saens Concerto in B minor, in which she was heard to great advantage. Harry Kaufman at the piano attended sedulously to the accompaniment, with fine fidelity to the demands of the solo instrument. Brilliant technical achievements marked Auer's version of the Corelli variations, La Folia, and there was lovely lyric quality in Mme. Luboschutz's interpretation of Chausson's Poeme. The Kreisler Recitative and Scherzo-Caprice was done with fleet and fluent fingers and there were several additional pieces in response to a clamorous ovation.

Irvin Schenkman, pianist, was heard in the Academy Foyer the evening of Dec. 12, for the first time here in two years, during which he has grown both as virtuoso and interpreter. Schumann's rarely given Kreisleriana was played in entirety with fine tone and excellent adhesion to varying mood. Brahms and Bach-Busoni offerings were succeeded by several modern works, of which the recitalist gave a good account.

W. R. MURPHY.

The World Gathers for Hampton Debut

*Screen Star Makes Resplendent
Figure as Manon in Philadelphia*

By H. T. Craven

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—Three carloads of scribes, specially conveyed from Gotham, phalanxes of hopeful friends, prominent denizens of screenland and stageland, curiosity seekers and subscribers to the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company's season attended Hope Hampton's debut in Massenet's *Manon* on Friday evening at the Academy of Music. The performance, in which the motion picture and theatrical star challenged the grand operatic destinies, had been postponed for a month because of illness.

The comely new luminary had been trained to the ninety-nines. Had there been any demand for such a feat, doubtless she could have done the role backwards. She had poise and stage authority and taste in acting. She has a small voice, almost devoid of any tonal beauty and not, as thus far disclosed, on the best of terms with exactions of key. Her lyricism might be effective in a parlor, but when the voice is forced it is not attractive.

A Resplendent Figure

Thunders of applause greeted her throughout the presentation. Somewhat hysterical cries of "Alone! Alone!" rang through the auditorium, when at the end of the St. Sulpice scene Miss Hampton appeared with the other principals. In due course, her splendor was segregated and she exclusively took the ovation. She was a resplendent figure in the most pictorial of eighteenth century investiture.

The performance—perhaps, more correctly, the experiment—cannot be described as a fiasco. The star carried it off with considerable technical aplomb, but certainly not with tones warranting any furor or even much public interest. Nothing short of a miracle of development can be imagined as of sufficient potency to enroll her authentically in the grand opera galaxy.

Miss Hampton was excellently supported by a cast that included Ralph Errolle as Des Grieux; Pavel Ludikar of the Metropolitan as Lescaut; and Ivan Steschenko as the Count. Staging and costuming, the latter including exquisite creations worn by the star, gave distinction to the production. Artur Rodzinski read the lovely score with compelling artistry. Many concomitants of a gala night were present, except lyric sparkle and radiance in the venturesome songbird.



Hope Hampton, screen and stage star, who made her operatic debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Co. last week.

It is not easy to avoid the Abbe Prevost's famous heroine in Philadelphia nowadays. The Metropolitan imports her here in the person of Lucrezia Bori on New Year's night. Interpreted by the music of Giacomo Puccini she held the stage of the Academy last Thursday evening—one night before Miss Hampton's appearance.

It was the Civic Opera Company that gave Manon Lescaut, gave it with magnificent choral vigor and superb orchestral direction by Alexander Smallens. There was a vocally admirable Manon, moreover, in that promising and artistically well endowed young soprano, Pauline Lawn. Though said to be suffering from a severe cold, Miss Lawn acquitted herself brilliantly. The Des Grieux (Norberto Ardelli) was obviously under the weather and scarcely did justice to his vocal equipment. He was convincing dramatically. Nelson Eddy capably filled the requirements as Lescaut, Reinhold Schmidt was the Geronte. The fine chorus got full value out of the stirring ensembles of the deportation scene. Mr. Smallens paid his respects to the

instrumental Journey to Havre in masterly style.

The New York Metropolitan gave a captivating performance of *Hansel and Gretel* at the Academy on Tuesday night. The ideal cast included Queena Mario, best of Gretels; Editha Fleischer, almost equally good as Hansel; Dorothee Manski as the Witch, Gustave Schutzendorf, as the Father; Henriette Wakefield, as the Mother; Louise Lerch as the Dewman; and Merle Alcock as the Sandman. Artur Bodanzky conducted effectively, except for a surprisingly sloppy performance of the overture.

Pagliacci, with Lauri-Volpi, Danise and Elisabeth Rethberg completed the attractive double bill. Miss Rethberg is temperamentally and racially unsuited to Nedda, though she sang the part with some of her customary vocal charm. Giacomo Lauri-Volpi's Canio is one of the most convincing extant. Vincenzo Bellezza led the orchestra.

Chorus Sings Leader's Music

*Pittsburgh Also Hears
Orchestral Novelties*

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 26.—First local performances of Schillinger's March of the Orient, Op. 11, and of Schubert's Symphony in E were given by the Cleveland Orchestra, appearing under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association in Syria Mosque on Dec. 7 and 8. Nikolai Sokoloff conducted the programs, which were well received and which included numbers by Wolf-Ferrari, Wagner, Sibelius, Chabrier, Weber, Liadoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Schmitt. A children's matinee given by the guests from Cleveland brought forward music by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schelling, Liadoff, Grainger and Enesco.

Gives Works by Gaul

Works by Harvey Gaul were sung by the Pittsburgh Male Chorus, which he conducts, in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 6. The entire program was interesting and ably performed. Leoncavallo; Coombs and Nevin were among the composers represented. Club soloists were: John O. Edmundson, H. H. Malone, Dickson Fulton, Raymond F. Hunt, Alvin Little. Eldon Murray played the violin and the capable accompanist was Frederick Lotz. Assisting the chorus was Ada Malaspina Tchirkow, soprano, who sang incidental solo and groups of songs.

Gina Pinnera made her second appearance here this season when she and Paul Althouse gave a concert in Syria Mosque on Dec. 11. Giuseppe Bamboschek and Earl Mitchell were at the piano. The local manager was May Beegle.

WM. E. BENSWANGER.

VIOLIN SOLOS

N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff—Franks. "Hymn to the Sun" (from "Le Coq d'Or").....	\$.75 net
F. J. Gossec—Franks. Tambourin.....	.50 "
J. Albeniz—Franks. Spanish Dance (Tango).....	.50 "
F. Schubert—Franks. Valse Sentimental.....	.50 "
D. Scarlatti—Franks. Pastorale.....	.50 "
E. Grieg—Franks. Chausson's Poeme (Old Hebrew).....	.75 "
F. Chopin—Auer. Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1.....	.60 "
M. Monizowski—Sarasota. Guitarra, Op. 45, No. 3.....	.75 "
S. Franks. Irish Lament.....	.50 "
N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff—Franks. "Song of the Bride" (from "The Bride of the Sea").....	.50 "

N. A. Rimsky-Korsakoff—Franks. "Hymn to the Sun." Arranged for Violoncello and Piano.....

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Symphony Society

Formed in Los Angeles

Sponsored by Musicians for the Masses

—Three Concerts in the Spring

By Hal Davidson Crain

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 26.—While rumor is still running rife as to the fate of the Los Angeles Philharmonic after the current season, Modest Altschuler of Russian Symphonic fame, seized time by the forelock in announcing the formation of a new Symphony Society for Los Angeles and environs, as reported in the last issue of *MUSICAL AMERICA*.

The announcement was made at a luncheon, sponsored by prominent citizens, in the Hotel Alexandria on Dec. 12, and came as the result of a need for a larger outlet for fast increasing musical talent.

Unlike most organizations of similar character, the Symphony Society is not sponsored by any wealthy group of patrons, but seems to be the natural outgrowth of a congested musical situation, wherein the musicians themselves are fostering the movement. Beginning with a registration of fifteen players, rehearsals were scheduled to start in the rooms of the Musicians' Union on Dec. 13, with an application list of 110 members. Three concerts

are scheduled for the present season, one in March and two in April.

Mr. Altschuler, who formerly conducted the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York, and is now conductor of the Glendale Symphony, says that the organization will give popular-priced concerts, without making them popular or cheap in character. It is planned to introduce a new American work in each concert, with a new symphony by Hill scheduled for the opening performance.

"The Symphony Society is the result of a peculiar situation in Los Angeles," Mr. Altschuler says, "and is in no sense a competitor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Rather, it will seek to interest the great masses in the masterpieces of musicale literature. How about the immense throngs who go to hear the Bowl concerts every summer, yet who never hear the Philharmonic in the Auditorium series? Do they love music only in the summer, or is it that the prices are too high and they do not care to make concert-going a dressed-up occasion?"

"I contend the laboring man has as sincere regard for music as his white-collared brother, but circumstances make it difficult or impossible for him to hear symphonic music at standard prices. So, first of all, we shall endeavor to give first-rate programs at the lowest possible fee; and if the entire enterprise is guided by a high, unselfish principle, the results, both artistically and financially, will take care of themselves. Of course, there will be an endeavor to interest persons of means to aid the undertaking, and it is possible that another season will find us giving civic concerts, paid for from municipal funds."

It is said that L. E. Behymer, Los Angeles impresario, is interested in the venture, and will have a part in guiding its destiny when the proper time arrives.

Philharmonic Abeyance

Meanwhile, the report that the Philharmonic will continue another five seasons, pretty much with its present personnel, is denied at the offices of this organization. It is stated the subject will not come up for discussion by the board of directors until after the first of the year. It is expected, however, that three other persons will match W. A. Clark's guarantee of \$50,000 annually, to insure another five-year period. It is generally conceded that the present management will remain in charge if it so deserves, but the subject of conductor remains problematical. Georg Schneevoigt, Finnish conductor, who is completing the last two years of the late Walter Henry Rothwell's contract, is far from being a blue ribbon conductor, in the opinion of many patrons. Whether or not he will be retained in his post for another term, remains to be seen.

Introductions

The four symphonic pairs of concerts on Dec. 6 and 7, revealed no new phases of Mr. Schneevoigt's powers, even though it is seldom that a work of such a whimsical nature as Deems Taylor's *Through the Looking Glass* is

heard in these concerts. This composition, heard for the first in the series, remains one of the most delightful works of its genre, but on this occasion suffered from an uneven and forced performance. Nevertheless, the work had a popular success. John Powell's overture, *In Ole Virginia*, heard for the first time in Los Angeles, was the opening number, and pleased through its thematic material rather than by its orchestral fluency. Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, a favorite in this city, was given a highly emotionalized performance.

The favorite of the program was Olga Steeb, who replaced George Liebling on short notice, in his announced playing of Liszt's Piano Concerto, No. 1. Miss Steeb was given a hilarious reception by her fellow-townsmen, and played the melodious work with an abundance of technical surety and verve. Mr. Schneevoigt provided an excellent accompaniment.

Applaud Negro Singer

Florence Cole-Talbert, Negro soprano, whose return last spring from a period of study and operatic work in Italy, was celebrated with an Auditorium recital, gave a recital in the Beaux Arts Auditorium, under the management of Frances Bowser Fletcher, on Dec. 10. Mme. Talbert has awakened considerable interest among the *intelligensia* through her vocal gifts, and had a formidable array of prominent persons listed as patrons. Her singing is by no manner of means flawless, with an ill-omened tremolo and faulty diction listed on the debit side. On the other hand, she has personality, graciousness on the stage, and an ability to project moods, especially those of the spirituals, four of which were contained in her closing group.

Mme. Talbert was assisted by Mrs.

Guy Bush as accompanist, and Guy Bevier William, pianist, who added a group of modern French numbers with an evident appreciation for their style and content. The audience was exceedingly cordial.

Cowell's Mysticism

Henry Cowell, he of the tone-clusters fame, made another descent upon Los Angeles' unsuspecting public on the same evening, playing at the Woman's University Club before a distinguished audience. Cowell's achievements seem to have passed the experimental stage, and his sincerity and ability to make his musical gyrations sound plausible, is causing those who came to scoff to remain to listen and applaud. Thus is the faith and wisdom of Arline Barnsdall, one of Cowell's early friends and supporters vindicated!

On this occasion, Mr. Cowell made much of his delvings into Celtic mysticism and folk lore. Pieces with such titles as *The Tides of Mansunawn*, *The Trumpet of Angus*, *The Harp of Life and Domnu*, *Mother of Waters*, were delightful in their shimmering and fantastic effects, whether obtained in the usual manner or by his arms and elbows.

The Orpheus Club, Hugo Kirchofer, conductor, gave its first concert of the season in the Auditorium on Dec. 11. This choir of 100 men sings with zest, often sacrificing artistry and finish for lustiness. The organization numbers many good voices, which make it capable of achieving a higher level of excellence than that demanded by the rollicking numbers too frequently programmed. Harriet Henderson, soprano, was the assisting artist. C. D. McFarlan, tenor, was soloist in one of the choral numbers. The audience was large, as it always is when this group sings.

Milwaukee Appropriates \$3,000 to Orchestra

Council Places Money in Annual Budget

By C. O. Skinrood

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 26.—This city is assured of \$3,000 for the civic orchestra movement, the council having placed this amount of money in its annual budget. For nearly two years the Civic Music Association has kept alive the project of an orchestra school with Rudolph Kopp as conductor and Milton Rusch as assistant.

Both men have served without salary for a year and a half. They are full of enthusiasm for the undertaking and are ready to go on indefinitely as some eighty young people are making extraordinary progress. However, the Civic Music Association has contrived to pay hall rent and other expenses while waiting for a decision on the city appropriation.

Efforts are being made to borrow a number of needed instruments so that a full symphonic orchestra can be maintained. French horns, string basses and a few other instruments are needed. Plans are being made now to have the orchestra play in the spring at a concert, and it is also probable that the organization will play in the school music festival which is held biennially.

The city appropriation will give the orchestra school movement a definite boost so that impetus at least small salaries can be paid to the conductors who devote only a portion of their time to the work.

Great interest has been manifest in the city's Civic Theatre campaign but it is evident that the \$200,000 goal will not nearly be reached. With the campaign now practically completed, there are reports showing that about \$60,000 has been raised in pledges and that the membership is in the neigh-

borhood of 3,000. It had been hoped to raise the membership to 26,000.

Milwaukee's Lyric Chorus gave a demonstration of the finest choral singing heard from a local group in years when some 120 men let loose their thunders for a large audience at the Auditorium. So general was the interest that a larger portion of the Auditorium had to be engaged to accommodate the crowd.

Alfred Hiles Bergen has been working night and day to perfect the chorus in preparation for the tour net summer to Boston and other large cities of the east. In Kurt Schindler's *The Prisoner of the Caucasus* there was rugged strength and tang, the contest of prison bars and revolt against bondage. *Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind* was another song with a tremendous drive and rhythm, with jollity and good fellowship thrown in where the text describes the joys of the season.

There were standards such as Liszt's *Lorelei*, and Gounod's *By Babylon's Wave* arranged by Mr. Bergen for male chorus; there was one of Bureigh's unique spirituals sung in reverent style; there was a good song by Franz Bornschein written for the Lyrics. Almost everything on the program had to be repeated at least once. The verdict is that the club is remarkably well prepared for its eastern tour. Arthur Arneke provided musically accompaniments.

Claudia Holt Uihlein was the assisting soloist, singing an aria from Verdi and a number of songs with good style and appreciation of musical values. Alexander Mac Fadyen, her accompanist, did notable work.

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A Home Town Boy Comes Home

Guelph School Children Benefit

by Edward Johnson's

\$25,000 Fund

By Dorothy Crowthers

WHEN an opera star pledges himself to provide \$25,000 for the furtherance of music among school children, it is a signal to stop, look and listen.

Edward Johnson, conspicuous among artists whose horizon is wider than their immediate sphere of activity, aspires to greater musical accomplishment than is possible in the customary public career. In recognition of the reputation and in acknowledgment of his contribution to musical advancement in his native Canada, Mr. Johnson is receiving special attention during his present concert tour of that country. In Guelph, Ontario, his home city and the first to be made the beneficiary of his plan for school music, the mayor and the city officials gave a banquet in the tenor's honor on Dec. 5. At this function the Victor Talking Machine Company of Canada, for whom Mr. Johnson has made a number of orthophonic records, presented the city with a life-size portrait of the singer and the first records pressed from his recording of *O! Canada*, and *The Maple Leaf Forever*. Mr. Johnson received an illuminated address from the mayor.

The enterprise which Mr. Johnson is supporting, artistically and financially, is the outcome of theories about music education developed in the United States. A considerable part of his life has been spent in this country. New York was the scene of the first steps he took in a musical career. Forsaking collegiate studies for the lure of the stage, he determined to make his way in the artistic world, notwithstanding the objection of his parents. Starting as a choir singer in Manhattan, with occasional engagements for which five dollars seemed a princely fee, he progressed to celebrity in European opera houses, later joining the Chicago Civic Opera forces, and eventually the Metropolitan and Ravinia companies.

"A Wrong Attitude"

MR. JOHNSON'S advice has often been sought by young Americans with operatic aspirations, and it is in regard to this question that he says:

"It is just as impossible to foretell whether a person with a good voice will ever become a successful artist, as to prophesy that the owner of a Stradivarius will become a great violinist. There must be something from within which is infinitely more vital to an artistic performance than a beautiful voice. An artist must be the combination of many different qualities. Very few young students seem to have any conception of this, much less the perseverance to acquire more than vocal proficiency.

"Our whole attitude toward music in

America seems somehow wrong. The fault lies in the use of music as a tool to serve our own ends, whether it be as an individual seeking fame, or a parent advancing a child who shows taste, but no special gift for music. Rather should music choose us, because it has been a part of us for years, and because there is manifestation of sufficient talent to warrant a professional career.

"The trouble must be somewhere at the beginning. If a child is taught arithmetic for twenty minutes a day, why should he not also receive twenty minutes' daily instruction in scales and the fundamentals of music? By the time he is eighteen he will have to decide whether to go to college, go into business or pursue an artistic course. If the last, he will have learned the rudiments of music and will be ready to concentrate all his effort on advanced study in his particular talent, without wasting time on elementary preparation.

"It is the next generation which will give a tremendous impetus to musical advancement in this country, provided it is moulded into a race of real music lovers and competent critics. Out of five hundred, perhaps fifty will be good musicians and five will become celebrated artists. But after all, even one great personality is enough to expect of a generation."

In support of his theory that artistic natures may be developed, Mr. Johnson called attention to the number of business men in many communities who, in their eagerness to participate in music, take the trouble to sing twice a week in choral societies.

"What might some of them have become if trained from earliest youth?" he asks.

The Gift to Guelph

IN establishing a fund to carry out his aims, Mr. Johnson mentioned to the Guelph Board of Education his wish to provide the amount necessary to promote better musical study. He offered to give \$5,000 a year for five years, after which period, if satisfactory progress has been made, he will help to raise a fund for continuance of the work.

"Every child, regardless of class, creed or color, will have an equal opportunity," explained Mr. Johnson. "Mr. A. J. Yule has been appointed music supervisor and the work is already under way. Ear training will be one of the principal studies. Anglo-Saxons often lack a natural aptitude for foreign languages, because our ears are not attuned to detect niceties of accent. Nor are we sensitive enough to rhythm, which in itself has a bearing on character, in inculcating promptitude and precision. Our sense of



Edward Johnson, Metropolitan tenor, who has remembered the children of his home in Canada, in the role of Jose, in *Carmen*.

hearing has not attained the degree of alertness found in our sense of sight. One need only visit a moving picture theatre to note the quick perception of Americans. Our grasp of a situation through sight is instantaneous. But that is our only highly developed sense."

It is Mr. Johnson's intention to inaugurate a three-day spring festival in Guelph to begin in May. There will be a choral concert by the children, a recital by Mr. Johnson, and a concert by the Detroit Symphony or some other orchestra. It is hoped a band and an oratorio society will later be formed by the pupils themselves.

The Guelph School consists of a central edifice situated on a hill. Ward schools are established in other parts of the city. A separate building houses the new music department in Guelph. In it are found a library, a piano, a radio and a Victor machine with many fine records. Here, eventually, will be placed all Edward Johnson's scores, operatic costumes and his collection of autographed pictures of distinguished persons.

The First Prizes

THE new movement is only an experiment, according to Mr. Johnson.

It began in a small way three years ago when he offered prizes of \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5 for the best essays on *The Value of Music to the Community* to be written by public school children of fourteen or fifteen years of age. This, he thought, would stimulate their interest in music and lead them to make inquiries at home. The next year, at the request of teachers, the money was expended on banners to be awarded to classes taking part in solfeggio competitions. Last season the goal was excellence in sight-reading, and so many of the pupils had developed marked ability that the Board divided the money into rewards as small as a dollar.

One little fellow ran home excitedly. "I won Mr. Johnson's prize," he announced, proudly exhibiting his brand new one dollar bill to his mother.

"And what a nice picture of King George there is on it," indicated his mother.

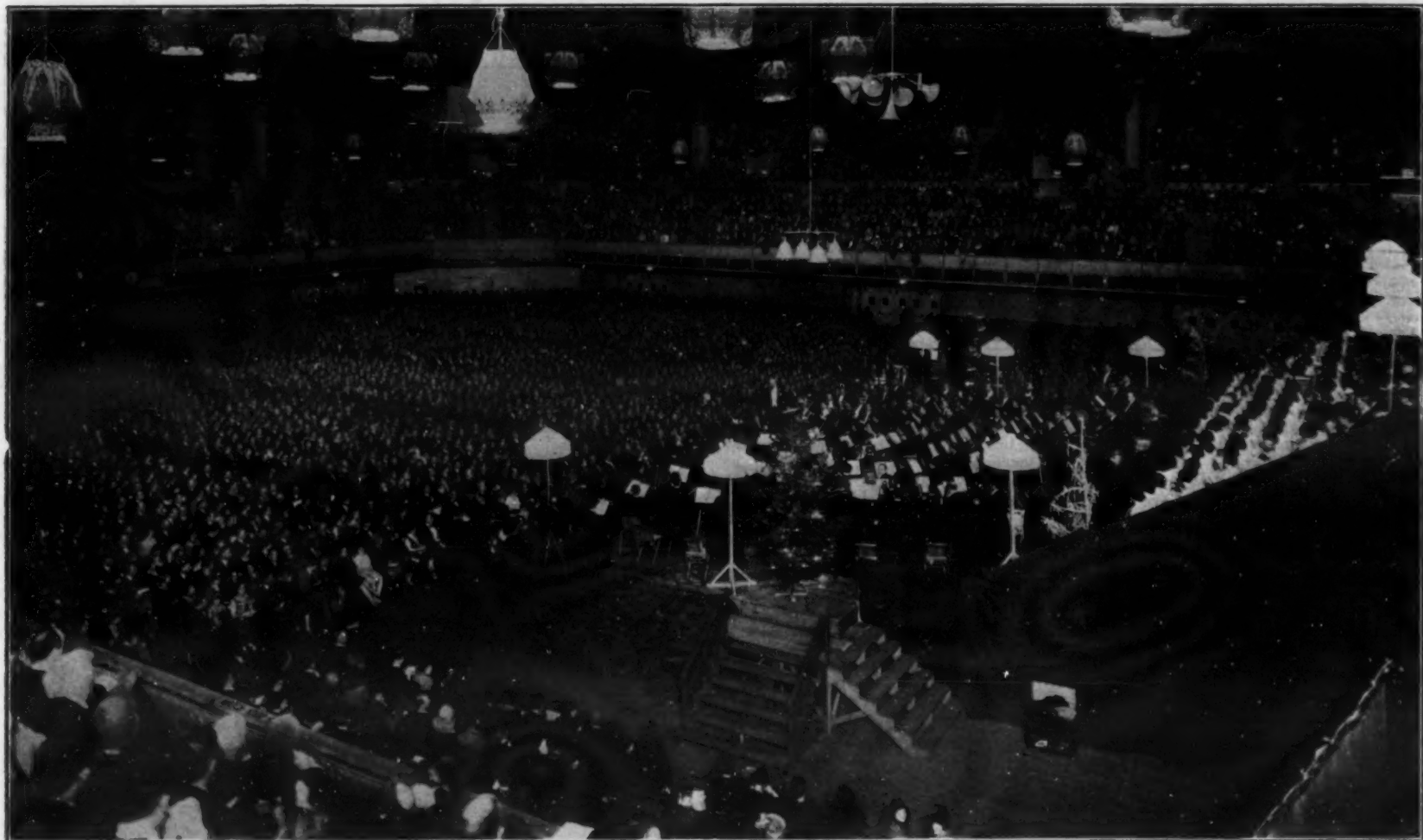
"King George?" asked the boy. "Oh! I thought it was a picture of Eddy Johnson."

It seems fitting that Mr. Johnson's ideals will live, not in inanimate stone or marble, but in vital human form. The enterprise will be inseparable from Edward Johnson's warm sympathy with young endeavor in art.

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Hertz Conducts "America" in San Francisco



An audience of 12,000 people hearing the premiere of Bloch's "America" under the direction of Alfred Hertz in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium.

(Continued from page 11)

declaration of the composer, the arching contour of phrase and firmness of his music.

Mr. Reiner directed the difficulties and subtleties of the Bloch music with utmost clarity, with appreciation not only of its sentiment but of its musical values. To Mr. Reiner this community owes what knowledge of Ernest Bloch's music is possessed.

By Robert Aura Smith

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

THE Christmas Festival Concert of the Cincinnati Symphony, presented in Music Hall last night, came to a brilliant and thrilling conclusion with a first performance of Ernst Bloch's prize-winning Epic Rhapsody, "America." When Fritz Reiner, conductor, cued in, in addition to a full orchestra, an organ and the chorus of the Mothersingers, with the great high school chorus of a thousand juvenile voices singing from the gallery in Music Hall, the audience became breathless, and even before the movement came to its conclusion had burst into an uncontrollable storm of applause.

It was literally one of the most breath-taking moments in Cincinnati's musical history. Words can not describe the terrific cumulation of effect, as Bloch literally tore his symphony to pieces and then rebuilt it, step by step, mounting to the tremendous finale.

It is, in itself, significantly American. The composer, born a Genevise Jew, is now a naturalized American, and his score was interpreted by a Hungarian, now an American, with an orchestra drawn from all over the world but largely American by birth or naturalization, and finally capped with

a chorus of 135 American mothers and a group of 1,000 American high school students. Truly all of the elements of real Americanism went into this singular performance.

Only occasionally does the work falter. In the main it is a monument of skillful scoring, and the inspired handling of some of the best elements in American folk-music. It is even more important, however, for its spiritual than its musical significance, for Ernst Bloch has really understood America and has transcribed his understanding. Walt Whitman, whose verses inspired the work, would have approved it.

The performance by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and its associates was nothing short of superlatively brilliant. What a conductor Fritz Reiner is! Monumental imagination, genuine artistic scope, a real sense of the drama that is America, gave power and conviction to his work, and he played the Rhapsody, as it should be played, rhapsodically. Furthermore, he can make people sing. Those high school children simply rose to him with absolute accord and sang as they have probably dreamed of singing all their lives. It was that quality of authentic enthusiasm among the performers themselves that broke down all audience restraint last night.

SING TE DEUM

HARTFORD, CONN.—Sullivan's Festival Te Deum was the principal offering at the concert given by the Hartford Oratorio Society in the Allyn Theatre. Edward F. Zaubin was the conductor. The chorus of 200 also sang Great Is Jehovah by Schubert. W. E. C.

By Samuel L. Laciard

Philadelphia Public Ledger

IN musical workmanship and details of orchestration Mr. Bloch's "America" must rank high. It is partly program music, being written to a very definite idea and yet not to a particularly detailed literary program, in so far as the music is associated with actual happenings.

In many respects the first movement is the best and it carries out perhaps more accurately than the others the matter which it illustrates.

In a way the composer has followed the cyclic form in that material from the earlier movements are used in the later ones. The third and concluding movement is the most difficult to understand at a first hearing, although the closing anthem, which was finely sung by the Mendelssohn Club, is clear enough in its intent. It is a simple melody in the song form, and was pleasing, although as an American national song it probably will not seriously menace the existing ones.

The performance was excellent. Mr. Gabrilowitsch had apparently spent a large amount of time and study on the composition, and his reading was beautifully clear, bringing out the vast amount of detail of composition and of orchestration which the Rhapsody contains.

By Linton Martin

Philadelphia Inquirer

NEW YORK "beat" Philadelphia to the presentation of Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," by one day. But it beat critical enthusiasm for the work here by a century or so. For this three-movement symphony, idealistical-

ly visioning the past, present and future of our fair land, is principally a patchwork of old ballads, plantation songs and jazz "blues," and with a new national "anthem" thrown in for full measure, seems essentially a piece of bombast and bathos, a musical mish-mash, pretentiously platitudinous, and giving the hearer little genuine elevation or inspiration.

The composer must have some psychic sensibilities, some prophetic proclivities, for although he got the idea of his anthem four years before the advent of prohibition, he avows that even then he "felt that an old English drinking song was not fit for the song of America." Well, at any rate, his nice new anthem has none of the unostentatious ease of "that old English drinking song," which we know as "The Star Spangled Banner." But when members of the Mendelssohn Club, duly drilled by Bruce Carey, stood on the stage and sang it yesterday, many members of the audience straggled to their feet and stood more or less uncertainly, although some observers insisted that it was under the mistaken impression that "My Country 'Tis of Thee" was being interpolated to piece out the other interpolated tunes.

Mr. Bloch's "epic rhapsody" won him the sum of \$3000 by unanimous decision of a board of distinguished judges, over ninety-two competitive compositions. But this writer will give his complimentary copy (provided one is sent in appreciation of this tribute) for the sum of three cents.

Toscanini recently introduced Kodaly's Psalmus Hungaricus to Milan; Pablo Casals is to conduct a performance of it soon in Barcelona.

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A European's Conquest of America

By H. T. Parker

Written for MUSICAL AMERICA by the Critic of the Transcript

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—It is nearest the truth to say that two Bostonian audiences listened intently to Mr. Bloch's "America"; applauded it warmly; exchanged this or that comment; then slipped it outside the gates of recollection as one more of the twenty odd novelties offered at the Symphony Concerts in the course of a season. Alike, on Friday and Saturday, the applause left no impression of a discovered masterpiece, as it did, for example, when Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" first sounded through Symphony Hall. No prattle across dinner-tables or through wreaths of supper-smoke suggested the continuance of "America" in the repertory as it did after "Pacific 231" or the Third Symphony of Sibelius. Rather all and sundry set themselves to deriding the final Anthem. The least the scornful dropped strange encomiums upon "The Star-Spangled Banner"—words and music; affirmed their belief that as national tune it had still a few years to live. The more contemptuous inquired why Mr. Koussevitzky had detained, on the edge of the holidays, an able chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe, when the Anthem was plainly written—outside a few intervals—for the morning exercises of a Junior High School.

THIS and that condition could have been more favorable to the Bostonian production of "America." Mr. Koussevitzky lately began a series of experiments in the seating of the orchestra. At both performances of Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody he had all the choirs on the same level. As some said, the brass lost thereby its more brilliant and piercing voice; while the wood-winds lacked characteristic quality. For certain, the conductor plied his every ardor on the new piece; on Saturday almost saved the Anthem by rhythmic urge, broad phrasing, large sonority; masked with his own energy Mr. Bloch's pumping approach to that climax—or anticlimax. For many the Rhapsody ended with the sharp-toothed measures picturing and mocking in a breath the dourful America of prosperity and publicity; but Mr. Koussevitzky kept the faith to the end. On the other hand, most of the American songs woven into the score especially through the Second Part, were, to a Russian dwelling in Paris working in America, only so much music to be played. They carried no suggestion of the land and folk; they brought no remembered savors. Well as he shaped, colored and set them in motion at Mr. Bloch's prompting, Mr. Koussevitzky missed flavors that a native American or a long-resident conductor might have evoked.

As it happened also, the program book, guide and counselor to many a listener, introduced the Rhapsody by no more than a bald summary. Finally, for trivial irritation, there are restless souls in the matinée audience that rise at the slightest provocation and would have their neighbors do likewise. They constrained a reluctant audience to its feet on Friday as chorus and orchestra began the Anthem; left not a few in it "fussed." The evening company is too sophisticated for that sort of thing. It sat and kept sitting till the last note had sounded, preferring to hear music rather than to make gestures around it.

SO much for the record. Two personal impressions, though likely enough other reviewers experienced them, may also be set down. Within

the Rhapsody Mr. Bloch is a romantic idealist courting the vast, the visionary, the vague. He would transmute into tones his own faith in America, his own aspirations for the future; enlarge them into the faith and aspirations of this whole land; expand them even to humankind. Epic he would be or perish. With his highly individual temperament he would impregnate the destinies of the universe. He leans towards Beethoven of the Finale to the Ninth Symphony, to Mahler of the Second or the Eighth. In zeal for human brotherhood in democracy expressed, he would outdo the Whitman whom he incessantly quotes for interpretive footnotes.

By long habit, Mr. Bloch is also a composer with an acute sense of the pictorial suggestion, the emotional implication, of music. With large and warm imagination, he sets to both discovery and re-creation over the field of American folk-music. His most significant motive, as many hear the Rhapsody, derives from the Indians of the Southwest; out of folk-material, too manifold for even analysts to mention, he stocks, upbuilds and flavors his whole Second Part. The soil, the sea, an English March, the Old Hundredth, this and that tonal contrast in the fortunes of the Pilgrims, finished forth his First Part. He would grid at this massed and mechanized American time and his hand teems with poly-tonal scorns. Finally, Mr. Bloch is a master of the facture and conduct of symphonic music. From germ to Anthem, the development, the recurrence, of the motif of America, the ability to make it cut deep into both music and audience, are present proof.

Discover, then, in Mr. Bloch writing this Epic Rhapsody a composer in whom three impulses are in persistent interplay and not always submissive to fusion into a unified purport. His idealism, besides, persuades him into over-vague, or over-naïve measures; or at the close, leaves him striving towards visions rather than embodying them. His pictorial sense, animating his First Part, over-enriches the Second. His inexhaustible imaginative faculty, while it attains to moments of beauty, contrives a web too thickly woven for many a hearer to thread. Until he would mount to his climax the puissant directness and single-heartedness of his earlier work forsake him—and then he is an exhausted composer. All who practice the art or the trades of expression know what happens when they try too hard.

FOR second impression, Mr. Bloch throughout the Rhapsody remains a European writing a musical homage to America—from the outside. He was born a European; well into middle life he dwelt and worked in Europe. He is also a man and a musician of strong idiosyncrasies. Though he love America with all his heart and mind and soul; though he abide here to the end of his days, he will remain a European settled among us, a composer of pith and moment by individual and racial qualities.

An American composer is in different case—if I may repeat my own words, since I cannot better them. However cosmopolitan his culture, he writes an American music from within. He has no need to search out motifs from American folk-song. He invents his own; while his mind and spirit give them American tang. As little need he turn the leaves of Whitman. America is in his blood and his living. He sees no occasion to hark back to the land-



Ernest Bloch and his son, Ivan.

ing of The Pilgrims or the Civil War when American life is in pulse around him. In whatever mood he may contemplate our present American civilization, it kindles him to artistic purpose as it did Mr. Carpenter in "Skyscrapers." He has no desire to produce a Bloch-like "Anthem," because it is not his custom to cry in a loud voice that he loves his mother. He is less concerned with cosmic tonal visions of humankind than with the expression in music of his own corner in this American world.

New England blows through Mr. Hill's tone-poem to Amy Lowell's "Lilacs"; is open or under-note in his Symphony. There is a Scherzo in one of Mr. Chadwick's Symphonies, that is rough American play; "Noel" in his "Symphonic Sketches" is the voice of tender American sentiment, oversweetened to the very life; his "Vagrom Ballad" in the same series, American humor at tomfooleries. To hear Mr. Copland's Piano-Concerto was to find in tones out-speaking our nervous hurly-burly, our hollow hullabaloo. Not a little of Henry Gilbert's later music derives directly from the common American temperament genial and communicative, unaffected and choiceless. The New York of pleasure-seeking and the frivolities is written clear in Mr. Gershwin's symphonic pieces. If we must have an "epic," which is rather a large order for a music as young as ours, a modest composer in Chicago has more nearly approached it than any of his brethren. He chose, however, to call it no more than "Skyscrapers: Ballet of American Life in Three Scenes." Yet in that self-same piece, most musically expressed, abides our America here and now, the America of city and town, alive and pungent, desirable and cherishable, be its mass, routine, naïvetés what they may.

Never once does Mr. Bloch see or feel or express that America of the Americans. From end to end of the Rhapsody he is intrinsically personal or essentially European.

REPORT MIAMI PROGRAM

MIAMI, FLA.—Most notable of recent events was the repetition of the Schubert program given at the University in the Bay Front Park before several thousand people. Taking part were the University Music School Orchestra, directed by Arnold Volpe; the Aeolian Chorus, led by Bertha Foster, dean of the Conservatory of the University, and Helen Flannigan, soloist. This concert closed the series featured throughout the summer. The Royal Scotch Highlanders Band, directed by Roy Smith has resumed its daily concerts. Dora Hilton Miller is again soloist with the band.

CLEVELAND FACULTY PLAYS BACH

CLEVELAND.—The fifty-fourth faculty recital given by the Cleveland Institute of Music brought a Bach program. This was played by Andre de Ribapierre, Josef Fuchs and Arthur Loesser.

The opening number was a sonata for two violins in C, interpreted by Mr. Fuchs and Mr. de Ribapierre. Mr. Fuchs was the soloist of the evening, playing a sonata for violin alone in G. A double concerto, in D minor, played by Mr. de Ribapierre and Mr. Fuchs, with Mr. Loesser as the pianist, concluded the delightful program. Clarity of phrase, flow and vigor of rhythm, and breadth of ideas characterized the performance.

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Concerts in Chicago

*DeLamarter Wiolds Baton—
Horowitz Bows to the Windy
City—Mary McCormic Returns*

By Albert Goldberg

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Eric De Lamarter conducted the Chicago Symphony in Orchestra Hall on Dec. 14 and 15, when first performances were given in this city of Casella's Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra and Amfitheatrow's Christmas Rhapsody, Noel.

Fernando Germani was soloist in the Casella number. Purporting to be the musical results of "long hours of meditation passed in contemplation of the beauties of the Eternal City," the concerts seems scarcely worth the space required to give it mention. Nor was there any reason implicit in the music why it should have been written for that most horrible of combinations—organ and orchestra.

A Russian Noel

The Noel of Daniels Amfitheatrow—a twenty-seven year old Russian living in Italy—was somewhat better stuff, but likewise failed to offer an excuse for its particular form. The abilities of young Mr. Germani were somewhat difficult to discern from these works, a fact evidently appreciated by Mr. DeLamarter, who permitted him to break the no-encore regulation twice. In these additions the young Roman organist quite lived up to his reputation, especially in the department of pedal technic, in which he made some astonishing demonstrations.

Although not granted the utmost latitude in opportunities in the rare occasions when he mounts the stand, Mr. DeLamarter nevertheless offered readings of the overture to the Marriage of Figaro and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony that were finely conceived and effectively carried out. The symphony especially was delightful, standing out as one of the best readings that we remember.

Horowitz in Recital

Vladimir Horowitz gave his first Chicago recital in Orchestra Hall on Dec. 16. Excitement ran high and even the stage was filled to the last possible inch with listeners. Many doubting Thomases, skeptical lest the pianist's prowess is confined to the playing of concerts with orchestra, were more than convinced with this demonstration of his talents. Enthusiasm ran to frantic heights, and the public left unsatisfied even after a long list of encores. The program consisted of the Liszt Sonata, a Chopin group, Tchaikovsky's Dumka, pieces by Debussy, Ravel, Schubert-Liszt, and the pianist's Variations on two themes of Carmen.

Mary McCormic, one time of the Chicago Opera, now of the Paris Opera, returned to renew acquaintances in a recital at the Studebaker Theatre on Dec. 16. From the evidence offered in a group of French songs, Miss McCormic has capably mastered the intimate art of the recitalist. There was subtlety in her treatment of the texts, her enunciation was clear, and the voice, always attractive in quality, seemed to have gained greatly in control. In addition Miss McCormic quite definitely created an atmosphere for her songs.

Some of this, no doubt, was extra-musical, for a flaming gown and a distinctive stage presence made a striking picture seldom encountered at song recitals. Willard Sektberg was an excellent accompanist.

Mirova Dances

Vera Mirova gave another demonstration of her distinguished gift of expressive dancing in the Playhouse on Dec. 16. Originality of conception and unique costumes again marked a program which contained many of Miss Mirova's best numbers, made familiar through past appearances. Particularly attractive were the Burmese and Javanese dances, of which this dancer may be considered an authoritative exponent through long residence in the Orient. Michel Wilkomirski filled the interstices of the program with violin solos.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES IN BOSTON

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The December meeting of the Pianoforte Teachers' Society of Boston was held in the Pierce Building on Dec. 10. Blanche Dingley Mathews of Denver, an honorary member, spoke on present day methods of teaching.

Two artists will make their only local appearance of the season when they give recitals in Symphony Hall on the first two Sundays of the New Year. They are Reinald Werrenrath, who will sing on Jan. 6, and Jascha Heifetz whose appearance is scheduled for Jan. 13.

The Prague Teacher's Chorus will give the first concert of an extensive American tour in Symphony Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5.

Alice Armstrong Kimball, pupil from the studios of Harriot Eudora Barrows, has been acclaimed in joint recitals with Jacobus Langendoen, cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Recent engagements were at the Old and New Club, Malden, Mass., the Manchester Country Club, Manchester, N. H., the Providence Art Club, Providence, R. I., and the Springfield Women's Club, Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Kimball will sing later in the season for the Beverly Women's Club and the Professional Women's Club of Boston. Emily Roberts Smith, contralto, another pupil of Miss Barrows has been engaged as teacher of singing by the Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vt. Claudia Rhea Fournier, contralto pupil of Miss Barrows was booked to sing in Messiah with the Norwich Choral Society, Norwich, Conn.

Immediately after the advent of the New Year two concerts will be given in Jordan Hall by A. H. Handley. The first will be a program of piano music by George Copeland on Jan. 3. On Jan. 7, Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, will be heard.

W. J. PARKER.

Detroit Opera Society Engages Guests

DETROIT, DEC. 27.—Thaddeus Wronski, general director of the Detroit Opera Society has engaged the following guest artists for performances of Faust, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci and Trovatore, to be given in Orchestra Hall in April: Bianca Saroya, Demitrio Onofrei, Fernando Bertini and Giuseppe Terrante. Fulgenzio Guerriari is to conduct. Minor roles will be sung by Detroit artists, and the chorus will be made up of local musicians.

H.A.G.S.

Detroit Gives Many Concerts

Vocal and Symphonic Ensembles Heard

DETROIT, Dec. 27.—The Ypsilanti Normal Choir, conducted by Frederick Alexander, appeared with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Victor Kolar on Dec. 16. Two Palestrina compositions were included in the choir's offerings. The orchestra played numbers by Gretry-Mottl and Mozart.

Moslem Temple presented Anna Case in the Masonic Auditorium on Dec. 12, the Chanters and the Shrine Band co-operating in the program. The Chanters were led by George T. Jarvis, and Harry C. Philip conducted the Band. Miss Case's accompanist was Carroll Hollister. Music by Puccini, Bishop and Curran was on the program.

Dedicates Church Organ

William E. Zeuch, vice-president of the Skinner Organ Company, opened the organ in St. Columba Church on Dec. 5. His program was largely made up of works by Gluck, Dickinson, Widor, Schubert, Bonnet, Elgar, Volkmann and Dvorak.

Mitchell Glezayd, 'cellist of the Michigan Symphony Orchestra, was soloist at Edward Werner's Sunday noon symphony concert on Dec. 16, playing Saint-Saens' Concerto in A minor. Composers otherwise represented were Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Berlioz. The soloist at Mr. Werner's concert in the Michigan Theatre on Dec. 2 was Lucille Peterson, soprano, who was heard in an aria from La Traviata. The finale from Brahms' First Symphony, and numbers by Humperdinck, Wagner and Dvorak were also enjoyed.

Faculty members of the Detroit Institute of Musical Art gave a concert on Dec. 12. Participants were: Wiloughby Boughton, pianist; Archibald C. Jackson, baritone; William Grafing King, violinist, and Dr. Alle D. Zuidema, organist. Helen Fairchild and Martha Bartholomew accompanied.

HELEN A. G. STEPHENSON.

DETROIT LEAGUE CHORUS PRESENTED

DETROIT.—The Student League of the Tuesday Musicales met on Dec. 11 in Mrs. McKee Robinson's home. Led by Lois Johnstone Gilcrest, the League Chorus gave Slumber Songs of the Madonna by May A. Strong. Taking part in the program were Ruth Reiter and Marion Warring, pianists; Mrs. Horace Bigelow, soprano; Josephine Matgen, violinist, and Irene Madill, 'cellist.

The philanthropic committee of the Detroit Music Study Club gave an entertainment at the Arnold Old Folks' Home on Dec. 10. The following took part: Mrs. T. Garon, Mrs. M. Weisberg, Mrs. J. Sauls, Mrs. P. Rosenthal and Mrs. C. Monash.

BOYCE CONDUCTS

The first concert of the second season of the Choral Ensemble, Inc., of Jersey City, N. J., was given in the Bergen Lyceum on Dec. 14, under the direction of Alfred Boyce, and with the assistance of Alma Kitchell, contralto. The choir's numbers included compositions by Maunder, Clokey, German, Dett and Sullivan. Mrs. Kitchell sang O Mio Fernando, from La Favorita, the Alleluia of Mozart, and songs by Haydn, Reger, Curran, Warren and La Forge.

Five Seattle Choirs Appear

All Give Concerts Within One Week

SEATTLE, Dec. 26.—Five of Seattle's choral societies have been heard in their annual winter concerts within a week—and any critic with a shred of diplomacy would hesitate to indulge, publicly at least, in a comparison of their respective merits. There is rivalry among them, but it is the rivalry of good sportsmanship, and all have their points of excellence. Their programs contributed much that was of value and pleasure.

Women Come First

The Orpheons, a woman's chorus of sixty-five under the direction of Edward Fairbourn, came first on the list. As was expected of an organization that has carried away several northwest honors in competition, its program was of a high order. Eunice Prossor, a violinist of enviable repute, was assisting artist. The Norwegian Male Chorus, led by Rudolph Moller and with Betty Anderson as soprano soloist, was heard on a Sunday evening. The Seattle Oratorio Society, under the direction of John W. Bixel, gave an admirable presentation of The Creation the next night. On Tuesday the Ralston Club was fervently received in the First Baptist Church; Owen J. Williams conducted, and Dorothy Lewis, contralto, assisted. The Amphion Society, directed by J. Graham Morgan, was greeted by an audience that filled the Masonic Temple Auditorium on Wednesday, Elgia Dawley, lyric soprano, assisting.

Three Symphony Lists

The Seattle Symphony Orchestra has been heard in three programs. Karl Krueger, conductor, gave a lecture-concert for young people in the Orpheum Theatre on a Saturday morning; a Saturday evening concert was given in Meany Hall on the University of Washington campus as a compliment to the University district, and the fourth of the season's subscription programs was heard on Monday in the Metropolitan Theatre.

In the last-named event, Deems Taylor's Through the Looking Glass won the greatest measure of appreciation. The program opened with Schubert's Fifth Symphony. Three infrequently-performed nocturnes of Debussy, Clouds, Festivals and Sirens were given a fine performance. A small chorus of women's voices from the Seattle Schola Cantorum, organized early in the season by Mr. Krueger, assisted in the presentation of Sirens. The introduction to the third act of Lohengrin closed the program.

RICHARD E. HAYS.

Milan Enjoys Fra Gherardo

Public Eager to Hear Pizzetti Opera

MILAN, Dec. 1.—We had a repetition of the Fra Gherardo of Ildebrando Pizzetti on Nov. 28. The opera had been awaited eagerly, as it had been given only a very few times at the end of last season, and the theatre wore, therefore, the aspect of a premiere. At the time of its first appearance I wrote of the real and substantial importance of the work.

This time what most impressed the audience was Pizzetti's intense theatrical skill, the breadth of his choral treatment, the forcefulness of the dramatic dialogue and the perfect orchestral writing, above all in the first act.

Electric Dynamism

Arturo Toscanini lavished on it all the pains he always devotes to modern works which have something to say, and with that inimitable mastery, that extraordinary finesse and that electric dynamism that are always part of his performances.

All the members of the cast were the same as for the performances last May with the exception of Ebe Stagnani in the part of A Mother. The cast included Cristoforeanu and the tenor Trantoul. Cristoforeanu was, as always, an admirable and forcefully dramatic actress, and lavished without stint the extraordinary vocal powers that are hers. Trantoul was excellent, shining particularly as to diction and histrionic vigor and truth. Among those present at the performance was the hero of the Pole flight, Commander Mariano, who was enthusiastically greeted.

While Toscanini has been giving Otello, La Forza del Destino and Fra Gherardo, his main energies have been turned toward the forthcoming performance of Parsifal. The event is of the first importance, as he has never directed a performance of the work here before. In 1902 he gave the third act in oratorio form.

The American baritone, Frank Chapman, has great success in Rome, where he has been appearing at the Teatro Adriano in Il Trovatore.

At the Teatro Comunale of Bologna the Resurrezione of Franco Alfano, an opera new to that city, has had a great success. Signora Cobelli, the prima donna, was enthusiastically applauded. Baroni conducted.

FREDERICO CANDIDA.

The Old Masters Trio



THE few years that have passed since the founding of the Old Masters Trio by Ella Backus-Behr have amply justified her idea that there was a distinct place and a distinct public for a chamber music organization which would devote itself exclusively to music of the old masters.

Mme. Backus-Behr and Leo Schulz are charter members of the Trio. Hans Lange, the violinist, was preceded by Bernard Listerman and Joseph Press.

Mme. Backus-Behr is a member of an old New England family. The family home at Hyannis, Cape Cod, is a summer meeting place for musicians. Even in their New York

apartment Mme. Backus-Behr and her nonagenarian mother affectionately known to musical New York as Grammy, preserve the authentic atmosphere of old New England. Grammy's birthday is one of the Events of the spring season.

Mme. Backus-Behr was one of the first American pianists to gain wide recognition in Germany, where she went to study under Scharwenka and others. Her training, her tastes and abilities are catholic in the extreme—she is as well known for her vocal teaching and coaching as for her piano work. Among her most noted pupils is Merle Alcock.

MANNES SCHOOL GIVES NATIVITY

Audience which overflowed the concert hall of the David Mannes Music School in New York, attended the holiday performances on Dec. 19, and 20, of La Nativite, the dramatization by Greta Torpadie and Frank Bibb of old French noels from Tiersot's collection. Brilliantly conceived and executed, the program was in four scenes, with the singers costumed as the fourteenth century.

A small string orchestra under Paul Stassevitch, Charles Kinney at the organ, and Mr. Bibb at the harpsichord played accompaniments which had been arranged by Julia Fox and Mr. Bibb from the piano score. Alix Young Maruchess played an Adagio by Ariosti on the viole d'amour, accompanied by the harpsichord, in the con-

cluding scene of The Nativity in which angels surrounding the mother and Child played old instruments as depicted by Italian painters of the Renaissance. The overture to Messiah was given as an introduction to the program, and the Marche Mauresque by Moszkowski was used for the final parade of the Three Kings. The Singers were pupils of Miss Torpadie and Mr. Bibb. The School's Chorus under George Newell also took part.

SINGS RUSSIAN SONGS

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.—Edward Bromberg, Russian bass, gave a recital of Russian folk songs in the Highland Manor School and Junior College on Dec. 14. He opened his program with a brief explanation of Russian folk music and gave English translations of the songs he presented.

Stars Appear in Pittsburgh

Olszewska, Kochanski Give Solo Recitals

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 27. — Maria Olszewska made her Pittsburgh debut when she gave a contralto program, consisting mostly of songs by Brahms and Strauss, in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 14. The audience was responsive, obviously finding Mme. Olszewska a lieder singer of particular authority. Edward Harris was efficient at the piano. The concert was arranged by James A. Bortz.

Giving a violin recital in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 13, under the auspices of the Art Society, Paul Kochanski again demonstrated what a sterling artist he is. Tartini, Brahms and Dohnanyi were composers he chose to represent, with Pierre Luboschutz as a worthy collaborator at the piano.

At Christmas Tide

The Pittsburgh Polyphonic Choir, consisting of eighty mixed voices under the direction of Rev. Carlo Rossini, gave its Christmas tide concert in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 19. Ada Malaspina Tchirkow was soprano soloist, singing Puccini and Giordano arias. Ralph Federer, pianist, played music by Liszt.

On Dec. 17, Regina Spiker Linn, soprano, gave a recital at the P. M. I. She was assisted by Eleanor Herring, violinist; Marian Clark Bollinger, pianist, and Cathryn Brose, pianist.

Under the auspices of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Marion Anderson, contralto, sang in recital in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 18. William L. King was at the piano.

WM. E. BENSWANGER.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES CHANGE

The Schubert Memorial announces a change in the program to be given in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Jan. 2. This change, necessitated by the illness of Donatella Prentiss, who was engaged to sing, will bring Graham Harris as a conductor.

The first part of the program is to be conducted by Ossip Gabrilowitch, president of the Schubert Memorial, who will lead the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in the overture to Die Meistersinger and in Tchaikovsky's Piano concerto in B flat minor, with Isabelle Yakovskoy as soloist. The second part is to consist of Brahms First Symphony, led by Mr. Harris, conductor of the National Broadcasting Company.

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to glean from so large a collection. And then the reviewer would not be deprived of any possibility of intelligent and pertinent comment.

As it is, it would be presumptuous to comment at length on the music presented, or on the quality of the performance. The latter seemed uniformly excellent. Harold Bauer joined forces with the Lenox Quartet in a first performance of a Quintet by Emerson Whithorne—a performance that was clearly *con amore* and exemplary in the self-effacement that all concerned brought to it. An early Rhapsody for two flutes, clarinet and piano was brought forward by J. Amans, R. M. Willson, S. Bellison and the ebullient Olga de Stroumillo. Lazare Saminsky led a chamber orchestra furnishing the accompaniment to Dorma Lee's eloquent singing of his Litanies of Women. Miss Lee, we hasten to add, has a voice of extraordinary range and color and sings with an intelligence, an accuracy of intonation, a purity of phrasing, a tonal control that make one wonder why her name is so unfamiliar. It is to be hoped that she will give the musical public an opportunity to become better acquainted with her talents.

After the intermission Nicolai Berezowsky conducted a performance of a Suite for five wind instruments pleasing in texture, light in mood, thoroughly competent and diverting. Hindemith's *Die Junge Magd* cycle was as clearly the outstanding experience of the evening as was Mme. Cahier's performance of it. The music, even at first hearing, is of compelling beauty and emotional intensity. By sheer will power and the transcendent artistry that is hers, Mme. Cahier triumphed overwhelmingly over the obstacles placed in her path. Description of such a performance is impossible, and praise would be impertinently ridiculous.

Mr. Reynolds Makes Music

THOSE who went to the Town Hall concert of the Woman's University Glee Club, on Dec. 17 with the idea of passing a jolly social evening, filled with the sweet twitterings to which ladies' organizations of similar name are commonly addicted, must have been sorely disappointed. For Gerald Reynolds, the Club's conductor, made no concessions to them. If they found the dose he had prepared for them bitter they swallowed it stoically and lustily applauded their persecutor.

It is no small thing that Mr. Reynolds has accomplished with his chorus. It is in fact so great a thing that he was able to present a program of music almost without exception of the highest value, and to present it in a way that often did it complete justice.

For the earlier part of his program he had chosen works of sundry American musicians, almost all in some way connected with the Club. We have heard more interesting works of Randall Thompson, director of the Wellesley College choir, than the *Pueri Hebraeorum*, a work not too successful, it seemed to us, in its combination of sixteenth century contrapuntal idiom with the less ethereal rhythm and phrasing of another day. The archaism of the Hymnus to the Queen of Paradys, by Werner Josten, professor of music at Smith College, is convincing and picturesque. The charm of Katherine Wolff's settings of two Breton folk songs plainly caught the fancy of the audience. Interpolated in this earlier section of the program were two movements from a B flat quartet of Mozart, played with fluent and excellently balanced technique by the Berkshire Quartet.

The second half of the program was devoted chiefly to works of Gabriel Fauré. It is not hard to see why his presence of an American program as anything but a song composer still needs explaining; the disarming simplicity of a chorus like *Le Ruisseau*, the austerity of material that Mr. Reynolds mentions, exclude the possibility

Gotham's Important Music

(Continued from page 16)

of anything like popularity for his music. It was easy to see that the tremendous content of the Quartet, Opus 121, two movements of which were played by the young musicians from the Berkshires with more than a hint of their significance, did not make any deep impression on those who were unfortunate enough to be unfamiliar with it.

With great audacity Mr. Reynolds brought his concert to a close with the Chorale, *Thou who alone has honor*, of Bach. It cannot truthfully be said that this valiant attempt was altogether successful. After an evening of such ambitious and strenuous music making the spirit was still willing but the voices were no longer equal to the demands made upon them.

The wonders Mr. Reynolds has wrought in the face of those difficulties which always face a venture of this sort would disarm the most dyspeptic commentator. It is not querulously, then, but in the most friendly humility that we note a point that seems to call for his attention. It is the matter of diction. The principle of singing all music in the language to which it was originally written is one in whose observance Mr. Reynolds has too few companions. One wishes only that his chorus might reproduce a little more accurately the true vowels, nasals and consonants of the text they sing. In their resolution of the moot question of Latin diction they could be more consistent: if to *dikentes* or *dichentes* they prefer *disentes* why do they sing *peccatrike* and *genetrike*?

But these are after all minor matters that only serve to remind us what the obstacles to the Club's success have been. For their triumph over them they have, surely, chiefly the talents and the indefatigability of Gerald Reynolds to thank.

A. M.

Philharmonic Pension Concert

THE Philharmonic-Symphony Society on Monday evening, Dec. 17, at Carnegie gave a special concert for members for the benefit of the orchestra's Pension Fund. The popular program listed Lalo's Overture to "*Le Roi d'Ys*," the Andantino from Debussy's String Quartet, Moszkowski's *Perpetual Motion*, from Suite No. 1, St.-Saens' Scotch Idyll and French Military March, the Gershwin Concerto in F, with the composer at the piano, and the last act aria from *Pique Dame* and a song of Strauss, sung by Mme. Hulda Lashanska. Mr. Damrosch conducted.

The responsiveness of this orchestra may be judged from the fact that although there had not been a single rehearsal the playing was everywhere of finished style, even in the brisk, conventional 19th century Moszkowski virtuosic piece and in the idiomatic and rhythmically tantalizing Gershwin Concerto. The tone in the Debussy Andantino had a smoothness, sheen, and depth that few quartets could have approached. Mme. Lashanska sang her difficult aria and song with a sincere, mature conception but with unduly forced tone.

A. P. D.

Downtown Glee Club

THE Downtown Glee Club, Channing Lefebvre, conductor, with the assistance of the Christer Boys of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine and of Frederic Baer, baritone, gave a concert in Carnegie Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 14. A rather miscellaneous program drew on some Christmas carols, ancient and less ancient, songs of Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Palmgren, Bruch, Gaul, Kountz, Braine, Carpenter and Hamblen.

If one cannot subscribe altogether to the sentiment that the value of a boy-choir, if any, is non-musical, one

must nevertheless wonder at the lack of judgment which caters boy-singers and a boy-soloist to be used in a song of the depth of Schubert's *Die Allmacht*. Mr. Lefebvre's pleasant arrangement of the *Adeste Fideles* was much better adapted to these forces. There was marked enthusiasm on the part of an audience which filled the hall almost to overflowing.

P. A.

Hall Johnson Choir

THE Hall Johnson Negro Choir chose the Golden Theatre for its first winter concert on Sunday evening, Dec. 9, and was welcomed by an audience that filled all the seats and all available standing room. The program consisted of spirituals, work-songs, and



Hulda Lashanska, soprano—a soloist at the Pension Fund concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony on Dec. 17.

reels. Among the best liked of these were *Hold on, Keep a-inchin' along*, *Ezekiel saw de wheel*, the irresistible swaggering *I'm a Eas'man*, *Did you read dat letter?* Scandalize my name, *City called heb'n*. *Water boy*, and *Standing in de need ob prayer*. Most of these had incidental solos.

This choir of twenty odd singers with untrained voices is remarkably responsive to the nervous, fluttering hands of their leader. Their singing still has a great deal of spirit, but in this concert at least, the jubilation and spontaneity which characterized last year's performances were somewhat lacking. The best numbers of the evening were the same that drew such applause on earlier hearings. A not infrequent uncertainty of pitch was noticeable. Quite possibly the Choir may have felt nervous in adjusting itself to the unaccustomed acoustics of a different hall.

A. P. D.

Mr. Binder's Compositions

A PROGRAM of original compositions of A. W. Binder was well received by a good sized audience at Town Hall on Saturday evening, Dec. 15. Mr. Binder conducted. The opening number of a Cantata, *The Birth of Samuel*, sung by the Free Synagogue Choir with Daverah Cooper and Boris Saslawsky soloists. There followed some Variations on a Prayer Motif played by the Stringwood Ensemble with Daverah Cooper, soprano soloist and Simeon Bellison, clarinet soloist; Two Hymns, based on the Hebrew version, sung by the Free Synagogue Choir, Daverah Cooper, Viola Silva and Charles Hart; and Three Hebrew Melodies sung by Boris

Saslawsky with orchestra score for two pianos played by A. W. Binder and Anna Binder; the two concluding selections were Three Violin Pieces played by Joseph Stopak with Irene Freimann at the piano and a group of Palestinian Folk Songs sung by the Free Synagogue Choir and the Y. M. M. Choir. Virginia Carrington Thomas was at the organ.

Although the program itself was perhaps overlong and somewhat inclined to sameness, there were many beautiful themes noted among Mr. Binder's work, which mingled so many different types of music. The technical attributes were admirable. The soloists were to be commended for their splendid efforts.

H. F.

The Singers Club

THE first private concert of the twenty-six season of The Singers Club of New York was given in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria on Thursday evening, Dec. 13, with the conductor, Alfred Y. Cornell, in charge. The singing of this men's glee club was marked by its enthusiasm and vigor. The program began with *Blow, blow, thou winter wind* (R. A. Merwin), *The Sleigh* (Kountz-Baldwin), and *Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane* (Speaks-Brower). The timely Christmas selections were *God rest you merry gentlemen*, the old French *Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus*, and the beautiful *Hodie Christus natus est* of Sweetinck.

On the second half of the program were choral arrangements of three traditional songs—the Bohemian Reaper's Song, the chanty *Shenandoah*, and the Scotch Ranting, rovin' Robin, and finally Roger's *This is She* (with the whimsical verse of Arthur Guiterman), *Kjerulf's Last Night* arranged as a tenor solo with humming accompaniment, and the *Tannhäuser Pilgrim's Chorus*. Various members of the club sang in a satisfactory manner the incidental solos, and Mr. Fred Shattuck played the accompaniments.

The guest artist was Caroline Andrews, who has for some time been a favorite with theatre and radio audiences. Her clear, sweet voice gave much pleasure in the *Shadow Song*, *Lo! here the gentle lark*, *Bishop's Love has wings*, *Clara Edwards' Can this be summer?* *Amy Woodford-Finden's Beloved in your absence*, and *Liza Lehmann's Snake Charmer*. Kathryn Keim played her accompaniments, and Chester Barclay the flute obligatos.

A. P. D.

Andreina Materassi-Barton

ANDREINA MATERASSI-BARTON, an Italian pianist of European fame gave a recital on Sunday afternoon at the Guild Theatre. She began her program with Respighi's *Siciliana* and a group by Scarlatti. Her technique was smooth and exact and her touch clear and delicate in the Scarlatti, and full and resonant in the Chopin Etudes that followed. Her interpretations were at times unimaginative and analytical to an extreme but were on the whole musical and pleasing. She continued with a Brahms' Rhapsody and numbers by Ravel and Liszt. The crowded house gave enthusiastic and energetic applause.

J. N.

Carmen in English

AN American *Carmen*, adapted from the original version by Helene Mullins and Robert A. Simon was presented by the American Opera Company Saturday afternoon at Werba's Brooklyn Theatre. This was the second performance of this opera given by the company during their engagement of one week's duration in Brooklyn. *Carmen* was substituted for *The Legend of the Piper*, which had been scheduled for its premiere performance in Greater New York and postponed because of injuries received in an automobile accident by Mark Daniels, one

(Continued on page 31)

Eavesdroppings

Some of the Week's Interesting Remarks on Music,
as Gleaned from the Daily Press

THE Honks have it. Four automobile horns, vociferously assisted by three saxophones, two tom-toms, rattle, xylophone, wire brush, wood block and an ensemble not otherwise innocent of brass and percussion, blew or thumped the lid off in Carnegie Hall last night when "An American in Paris" had its first performance anywhere. George Gershwin, the American in question, was present to bow a dozen times from a box as the applause of Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers was showered upon him, as well as upon the conductor, the indefatigable Walter Damrosch. Audience, orchestra, the composer himself, smiled, chortled or laughed aloud as the work was being played. They found its musical buffoonery good fun in spite of, or perhaps because of its blunt banality and its ballyhoo vulgarity. But after all, this is the twentieth century, and what is a little banality and vulgarity between friends?—Oscar Thompson in *The New York Evening Post*.

With a subject matter of tunes naive to the point of childishness and a harmonic tissue rarely exceeding the alphabet of that science, "An American in Paris" might enrapture a movie audience or a night club, but proved an impudent intruder upon Franck and Wagner, into whose company Mr. Damrosch had the hardihood to invite the Orpheus of the Big Stem.—Richard L. Stokes in *The New York Evening World*.

Why should I be bottled, labelled, compelled to eat Kosher all my life? I have more personalities than one. I have not said my last word—Ernest Bloch as quoted in *The Boston Evening Transcript*.

What would not Richard Wagner, for instance, have given if he could have mastered the world at forty-eight as Mr. Bloch has done! For Wagner, at Mr. Bloch's age, was in the depths of material wretchedness, a wanderer and an outcast, the butt of all right-thinking musicians; and he was heaping silent master-works one upon the other in stoical despair.

—Lawrence Gilman in *The New York Herald-Tribune*.

Battistina was a dramatic baritone, not a lyric singer of songs, but he achieved his dramatic effects through reinforcement of the tone and emotional coloring, not by throwing all thought of production out of the window. He did not yell, he did not bleat, he avoided the glottis stroke, he knew that there could be more of passion or sorrow in a beautifully turned musical phrase than in all manner of panting and sobbing.—Oscar Thompson in *The New York Evening Post*.

Your great artist may be set down as he who at the same time originates the most independently in respect to form and imitates the most slavishly in respect to matter.

When the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra visited England recently critical opinion was far from idolatrous. Harvey Grace writes to the *New York Tribune*: "Their visit (like those of the Halle Orchestra) drive home the lesson that if London is ever to have first-class orchestral playing as a standing

dish and not as an occasional treat she must somehow obtain a force that plays together regularly, and very largely under one director.

"Yet we cannot be blind—or deaf—to the fact that this great gain may be accomplished by some loss. The perfect ensemble may be—perhaps must be—bought at a price. The London Symphony Orchestra, under-rehearsed and variable body though it be (owing to the 'deputy' system), occasionally rises to greater heights than these super-drilled visitors. Given Coates conducting certain Wagner excerpts, or Beecham with some Mozart and Delius, the players often manage to provide the touch of incandescence that makes the difference between a fine and a merely good performance."

Ernest Newman wrote that the Berlin organization ranks "somewhere between our London Orchestras and the best of the American."

If radio should approximate generally a high standard of English, it should go far in the improvement of American speech.

—Kansas City Star

The director of a jazz band now playing in Berlin has taken the German public into a professional secret. The reason why all jazz band musicians look and act so young, he says, is that playing jazz naturally keeps a man young. Jazz, he says, is an expression of youth, of joy, of bubbling enthusiasm. Members of his orchestra for the most part play six, seven or eight instruments. All sorts of different muscles are exercised in this way, so that a man keeps in good athletic training.

Sober reflection suggests, however, that what the orchestra leader offered as a reason is in fact only an excuse. If a man really wished exercise there are calisthenics, dumbbells, wall apparatus and daily dozens, to say nothing of picks and shovels. The true cause for joining a jazz orchestra in which a man can play six, seven or eight instruments is a noble ambition. His youth perpetually renews itself in the hope that some day he can make Dr. Johnson turn over in his grave for saying that of all noises he thought music the least disagreeable.

Editorial in *The New York Sun*

In Budapest, for the first time in history, an opera was called off on account of rain. It was to be Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" at the Municipal Theatre and the fire inspector was making his round 15 minutes before curtain time. He tried this exit, examined that extinguisher. He touched a wrong lever and stage rain fell, beat upon the scenery until all was ruined, no performance possible.

—Time.

Tin Pan Alley is moving to Hollywood.

Since the coming of talking pictures the film capital has become the new "blue heaven" for the song writers.

The theme song idea started it. Some of the song writers have already come and gone. Producers are floundering through this problem, as they are every other phase of talking pictures which brought them plenty of puzzlers without warning. They are experimenting all along the line.

—Variety.

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Gotham's Important Music

(Continued from page 36)

of the members of the company. The audience was highly appreciative and seemed to encourage the performers, for marked improvement was noted in both singing and acting during the last two acts.

The simplicity of the settings, carried throughout all four acts, was in harmony with the character of the offering and illustrated that even if an opera is presented on a small scale, it can be well done and the most made of all available opportunities. The program cast was announced after the first act by Milton V. O'Connell, organization director of the American Opera Company. Brownie Peebles, as Carmen, displayed an understanding of her role as the spirited cigarette girl; Patrick Killikelly, as Don Jose, revealed a strong tenor with tones somewhat tight at times and Maria Iacovina, as Micaela, the shy maiden, a soprano of excellent quality. Others listed were Neel Ensen as Escamillo; Peter Chambers as Zuniga; John Uppman as Morales; Frederic Roberts as El Ramendado and Charles Stone as Dancairo; Helen Golden and Dorothy Raynor made their singing of the relatively small roles of Mercedes and Frasquita count. On the whole the cast was well balanced, the enunciation clear and diction splendid. The orchestra was under the capable direction of Frank St. Leger. H. F.

A Sunday Philharmonic

WILLEM MENGELBERG led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra over to the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9, (or perhaps they all went in a taxi) to give a Wagner-Beethoven program that was so good one hesitated to applaud. A curious effect of the audience being eliminated, and only the music remaining, prevailed. In a ruminative mood, Mr. Mengelberg appeared to think solely of the music, expending on it all the intelligence which is so definitely his and all the devotion of an ardent disciple.

A natural result of this attitude was that certain measures of the Waldwehen from Siegfried and Wotan's Farewell from Die Walkure were read in rather a more leisurely manner than is usual, but the impression was one of great beauty and of no little expressiveness. Under the same touch, the Allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony had a brooding sort of mysticism; but there was no lack of power or brilliance in the succeeding fast movements.

As to the orchestra, its tone seems to increase in flexibility and smoothness with each concert. P. K.

Varady-Mero Recital

A FIRST hearing in this city of Zoltan Kodaly's Sonata for cello and piano marked the joint recital of Rossi Varady and Yolanda Mero in the Engineering Auditorium on Dec. 17. To its performance Mme. Mero brought the exceptional gifts always associated with her name, and Mme. Varady dedicated a broad and intelligent technique and a thoroughly sympathetic understanding.

Mme. Varady, with the dependable Mr. Hageman at the piano, opened the program with a performance of a C major concerto of Haydn, which, if it was not always precise in intonation, was completely in the spirit of her illustrious compatriot. Imre Weiss-haus, one of the Hungarian younger generation now resident in New York, and Bela Bartok followed Kodaly. Shorter pieces of Ravel, Faure and the inevitable Popper concluded. The audience greeted both artists with an accent of unmistakable warmth. A. M.

Elise Steel, Violinist

WHEN singers present programs of excellent rarities it is often safe to infer that their vocal equipment is less distinguished than their taste. This is fortunately less true of instrumentalists, and Elise Steel, violinist,

who played in the Guild Theatre on Dec. 16, presented a program of the very highest quality, and played it with more than a little of the musicianship that it required.

She began with the Nardini Concerto in E minor and a Princess Dance by Hans Newsidler, taken from a lute book of the sixteenth century and arranged by Harold Craxton. There followed the Brahms D minor Sonata, the Chausson Poeme, transcriptions of works by Cyril Scott, Milhaud and de Falla. Pierre Luboschutz accompanied Miss Steele at the piano. A. M.

Sittig Trio with Pinnera

THE Sittig Trio presented a program of unusual interest in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 18. They began with a well conceived and capable executed reading of the Brahms' Trio in C minor, Op. 101. Margaret Sittig, the violinist, played the Rondo brilliant of Schubert with a live, full tone, and her brother Edgar the Eccles Cello Sonata in G minor, both with the father's accompaniments.

The assisting artist was Gina Pinnera. Her songs on this occasion strengthened the impression that she has one of the finest soprano voices now before the public; the top tones are startlingly brilliant. The use of the voice and the style of singing were decidedly below the standard which this artist set for herself at her Carnegie Hall recital in October. There was a persistent tremolo, not infrequent veiled tones, particularly in the middle register, and a failure to adhere to the vocal line. Perhaps Mme. Pinnera needs a larger hall to do herself justice. Her numbers were Who Is Sylvia? Wolf's Iris, Kennedy's Enchantment, and the Pace, Pace from Forza del Destino.

The concluding item was a group of Scotch Folk Songs of Haydn, accompanied by the Trio. These require a lighter treatment than the singer gave them. Her Will Ye Go to Flanders and Gala Water were the best received of these songs. A. P. D.

New York Quartet

THE New York String Quartet presented a well selected and interesting program of chamber music at Town Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. The Quartet in A flat by Dvorak was the opening number and was followed by the Quartet in E flat Major by Dittersdorf. The Quartet in F Major by Ravel, which concluded the program, was applauded more vigorously after the second movement than is usual before a number is entirely completed. The interpretation of Ravel was undeniably outstanding. The rhythm and the emphasis of the melodic themes was executed with a skill that distinguishes the performers as master artists of rare ability and ensemble faculties. Balance and accord and perfect blending of tone quality were noted throughout the program, which merited the prolonged applause of the large audience attending.

The members of the New York String Quartet are Ottokar Cadek, Jaroslav Siskovsky, Ludvik, Schwab and Bedrich Vaska. H. F.

Jean Knowlton Sings

THE atmosphere of Steinway Hall grows increasingly Gallic. Truly Parisian was Jean Knowlton's recital there, Friday evening, Dec. 14. She had set one of those programs that are the routine la-bas and too infrequent here. She sang, as do so many Parisian recitalists, with a limited vocal equipment, but with enthusiasm, with intelligence, with delightfully clear diction, and with a certain smartness

and distinction meant for just so elite and intimate an audience as she had gathered.

There is nothing in such an evening to remind you that music may be a medium for the eloquent expression of deeply moving experience. No tragedy, no ecstasy may enter here. Everything must be gay, smart, amusant. The surface is the thing—démoté any hint of bourgeois profundity. This is the Paris of the most elegant and quiet society; even the restraint of the Chansons Madecasses of Ravel would have been, one guesses, not quite sufficiently elegantly superficial.

It is a Paris which leads the less completely distinguished bystander to a regret that often verges on bitterness. But that is because he remembers when he was surrounded, almost engulfed by an omnipresent and all-excluding frigid elegance of this sort. Here, where a warmer musical blood runs, it is only a too vivid memory that keeps him from according to a thoroughly artistic singer like Miss Knowlton the enthusiastic welcome which her program and her singing deserve.

There were two groups of Spanish works, one of Americans (not the usual miscellany, of course) and five of Ravel's settings of Greek folk-songs. All went extremely well. The gray neutrality of Joaquin Nin's Saeta Miss Knowlton reproduced with conspicuous success. The distinction of the audience was no less as to quantity than as to quality. Alix Young Maruchess, violinist, assisted. A. M.

Gdal Saleski Appears

GDAL SALESKI, who is the author of a recent book which attracted wide attention, "Famous Musicians of a Wandering Race," gave a cello recital at Steinway Hall on Dec. 9 devoted in great part to the works of some of these Jewish musicians. He began with an Air et corrente by Eccles, the Vivaldi-Nachez Concerto in A minor, and an Allermende by Senaillé. The latter two-thirds of the program was made up of short pieces by Stutschewsky, Granados, Sandby, de Falla, Ravel, Weiner, L. Gruenberg, Cassado, Popper, and Mr. Saleski himself. The four "first time" numbers were the mournful and moving Dweikuth (Meditation hebraïque) of Stutschewsky, Gruenberg's Chanson a la Lune, and Saleski's own melodious Melody in E flat and Danse Antique.

Mr. Saleski often drew a warm tone from his instrument; occasionally faulty intonation and broken phrases marred his work. But at all times devotion and sympathetic feeling for the music insured a satisfactory performance. Gregory Ashman furnished accompaniments of delicacy and memorable tonal beauty. A. P. D.

The Fifth Helen

RICHARD STRAUSS' boarding-school opus, The Egyptian Helen, was given its fifth performance at the Metropolitan Opera, Dec. 19 in a manner that out-rivaled Cecil B. DeMille at the height of his cinema-Babylonian period.

Maria Jeritza as the repentant empire-wrecker was in good voice and figure. Perhaps, however, her vampirish conception of a beseeching wife scared some of the voice out of Walther Kirchoff, in the role of Menelaus, Editha Fleischer carried off most of the honors of the performance. She was a convincing and graceful all-consoling sorceress, to whose incantations could not be laid the blame of an early-English guard of honor to escort the reconciled couple to their pre-Grecian kingdom, nor white palfries to transport them from the magic place whence they had been wafted on a magic mantle. Mr. Bodanzky conducted as thor-

oughly as the anaemic score permits, and received the only sincere applause of the evening. But in the words which Mr. Hoffmannsthal himself put into the mouth of Menelaus, "Was tun?" S. B. L.

The People's Chorus

THE first Christmas song festival of the People's Chorus of New York was given at Carnegie Hall on Dec. 16 before a large audience. The chorus sang Kremser's Prayer of Thanksgiving, Bach's Break Fourth (Christmas Oratorio), Praetorius' The Morning Star on High Is Glowing, Gounod's Celestial Chorus, Beethoven's Creation Hymn, a group of miscellaneous old carols, G. B. Nevin's Everywhere Christmas Tonight, and Gevaert's A Joyous Christmas Song. The audience was invited to join in the singing of several familiar carols. This chorus, numbering about four hundred voices, mostly untrained, is generally correctly balanced, and keeps well together. That the words of such a large group were distinguishable is an admirable tribute to the careful training and directing of L. Camilieri.

The two guests of honor were Ernest Schelling, who played a group of his own and of Chopin's compositions, and William C. Breed, who delivered a short address. A. P. D.

American Orchestral Society

THE second concert by the American Orchestral Society was given at Mecca Auditorium on Dec. 17, Chalmers Clifton, conductor, presented an interesting program, beginning with Haendel's Concerto Grosso in F, played by Louis Edlin, Nina Wolfe, William Durieux and Gladys Shailer—the latter playing the cembalo. Elgar's Enigma Variations; the Capriccio Espagnol, by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the soloist being Arthur Hartman, completed the list. Mr. Hartman gave a very fine conservative reading of the concerto, playing with much expressiveness and technical assurance. The orchestra gave evidence of careful preparation and serious purpose. G. F. B.

Lillian Hunsicker Sings

LILLIAN HUNSICKER, soprano, began her Dec. 10 Town Hall recital with an air from a Bach cantata, Strozzi's Amor dormiglione, and Thou Sweetest Bird from Handel's Il Penseroso. Following this were three groups of unusual and worthwhile music—in German, Strauss' Meinem Kinde, Wolf's Nixe Binsefuss, Mahler's Wer hat den das Liedlein erdacht and Marx's Barcarolle; in French, Chabrier's Villanelle des Petits Canards, St. Saens Rossignol et la Rose, Fauré's Clair de lune, and Grovlez's Guitares et Mandoline and in English, Loeffler's To Helen, Ware's French Lilacs, Monro's My lovely Celie, and Hageman's Nature Holiday.

Mme. Hunsicker has a soprano voice with low and middle tones often of beauty. Her top voice is not free, for by carrying her middle register too high the tone becomes pinched, and at times not up to pitch. The voice is essentially lyric, and does not have the flexibility essential for excursions into the realms of coloratura. A fine legato permits of long, even phrases. In suitable songs Mme. Hunsicker succeeded admirably. The Loewe Canzonetta, an encore, showed the singer at her best. She established and sustained a flawless vocal line; her tones were well matched, even, and pure, and her phrases smooth and rounded; this song could hardly have been better sung. My lovely Celie was also well done.

Richard Hageman played masterful accompaniments, and John Amans several flute obligatos. A. P. D.

Kreiser's Farewell

TO say that Fritz Kreisler and Carl Lamson played in Carnegie Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, is to say all that needs to be said. It would be as superfluous to describe Mr. Kreisler's playing as to detail the affection and the warmth with which his hall-filling audience took leave of him for another season. His program included the Bach Partita in E major for violin and piano, the Viotti Concerto in A minor and the usual group of small pieces that only Kreisler can invest with the simplicity and the charm that are his, not theirs.

P. A.

Mr. Pimsleur's Concert

SOLOMON PIMSLEUR, composer and pianist, presented at the Engineering Auditorium on Dec. 22 an ensemble concert of his original compositions, with the cooperation of Fannie Lubarski, soprano, Victoria Danin, pianist, Isidor Strassner and Herman Copland, violinists, and Gabriel S. Sunshine, 'cellist. First Mr. Pimsleur played two piano compositions, Allegretto and Ode to Intensity, and followed this with his Impetuous Sonata for Violin and Piano. The four songs were settings of Shelley poems—Threnos, To one singing, Music when soft voices die, and I fear thy kisses. The last two numbers were a "Solemn Overture to Love and Death," transcribed from the orchestra for piano duet, and "Satire: Life's Fitful Fever," from a trio for violin, 'cello, and piano.

The songs were the least successful; they missed the lyricism that is the keynote of Shelley's verse, and seemed rhythmically unsuitable. The instrumental numbers revealed Mr. Pimsleur as a musician of thorough academic training, and as a follower in the Beethoven tradition with many of the mannerisms of the master. His is a distinct talent for melody (as in the chorale theme of the violin sonata), but a liberal and judicious pruning of the lengthy development passages is to be recommended.

A. P. D.

A Sonata Recital

DORIS LE VENE, pianist, and Kenneth Rose, violinist, gave at Steinway Hall on Dec. 18 a sonata recital, including the familiar Franck Sonata, Strauss' E-flat work, and the Opus 87 Sonata of Gretchaninoff.

These two young artists play well together. They both have a capable technique, firm and brilliant tone, and a fondness for big, powerful effects which suited admirably the substantial Gretchaninoff and Strauss. The Franck Sonata, however, was played at times too positively and hurriedly, with a neglect of the subjective, mystical, and improvisatory character of the music. The more obvious reading of the artists was consistent, and the audience approved enthusiastically.

A. P. D.

Adesdi Chorus

THE Adesdi Chorus of about fifty women's voices, led by Margarete Dessoiff, gave a program consisting of compositions of Brahms, Petyrek, Verdi, Sweelinck and some delightful Noels of Provence. All but the Brahms number were sung a capella.

Both in technical efficiency and the manner of interpretation, the work of the chorus disclosed the thoroughness of the training they received by Mme. Dessoiff. Particularly noteworthy were the difficult Petyrek numbers in which dissonant chords were resolved into grateful harmonies with telling effect. The soloist, Eva Bruhn, in three carols and three songs of Wolf was hardly up to the standard of the chorus. Her diction was poor and her higher tones insecure. Probably she was laboring with a cold.

G. F. B.

London Discriminates

the Modernists Triumph, with Reactionism on the Ebb-Tide

By Leigh Henry

LONDON, Dec. 4.—This season marks the ebb-tide of reactionism. A fresh interest in modern developments is plain, and this is characterized by a better discrimination than formerly.

A healthy sign is renewed interest in Sibelius. The more one considers Sibelius' symphonic works, the more is one aware that here is one of the most original minds in orchestration. Bayreuth still overshadows Strauss, in spite of his ingenuity. Debussy had an explicitly personal idiom. Stravinsky, uniting Russian eclecticism and nationalism, emerges as the high empiric, explorer and inventor. Sibelius can make spiritual ascents; but he has no wish to lose touch with pulsing humanity.

This week the British Women's Symphony Orchestra, under Malcolm Sargent, has revived Sibelius' third symphony. Here Sibelius is definitely lyrical. Not along conventionally sentimental lines, however. This music is strong stuff throughout; rippling muscles are under its rhythms; it moves with springing step. The joy of life in it has brought a recurrent smile to his Muse; at times she frankly laughs. Maybe there is a pleasant human touch as undercurrent to it all, one interesting as illuminating a musicians' friendship. For the work is dedicated to Granville Bantock, to whom Sibelius owed the introduction of his symphonic music in Britain and there is more than the inscription to mark the offering.

That "Vulgar" Boatsong

Companion on the program was Glazounoff's infrequently heard symphonic poem, Stenka Razin. An early score—Op. 13,—it has not the prolix idiom or the orchestral idiosyncrasies, (such as monotonously thick doubling of strings and woodwind), of Glazounoff's later work. The music again brings folklore before one, both in poetic and musical theme. Almost every urchin, through vaudeville choirs of Russians of varied nationality, gramophone singers, cinema and jazz, knows the rich old tune which I recently heard called "That vulgar boatsong again," by a bored concertgoer. The Volga Boatsong (actually that of the barge-haulers) is the initial tune of Glazounoff's work. Glazounoff, always most fascinating in delicate woodwind play, appears in enchanting mood in the succeeding episode, an intimate, soft clarinet theme woven over harp, flutes, bassoon and horn. The culmination of the music is so virile and vivid that one wonders why it is heard so seldom. It would dramatize excellently as choro-graphy, and it is startling to realize that the score dates 1885!

Both works were excellently rendered. The Women's Symphony has improved immensely under Sargent in a couple of seasons and is now impressive.

Cooper's Grand Coup

The week's concert of the London Symphony Orchestra brought us again Emil Cooper, who achieved a brilliant reputation in the famous pre-war Russian season organized by the Beechams in 1914. Time has not dimmed his luster. Seldom have I heard a more electrifying, yet more exquisite rendition of Stravinsky's Fire Bird music, and his reading of Scriabin's Poem of Extasy was a radiant illumination of its somewhat neurasthenic, rhapsodic



George Shaker, director of the Alhambra Theatre, who succeeds Alfred Dove as London's premiere music hall conductor by taking over the baton at the London Coliseum.

tone color. In clean-cut contrast came a Haydn symphony.

Broadcasting

A concert of the British Broadcasting Corporation in the chamber series at the Arts Theatre Club again gave this organization's support to Central European music by Krenek, Hindemith, and Josef Matthias Hauer. The guest conductor was Hermann Scherchen. Known to International Contemporary Music Festival audiences, but new here, he is sufficiently peculiar to attract attention, although at the same time to detract from one's attention to the works he conducts. He repudiates the baton, but uses fingers, hands, wrists, shoulders, hips and other anatomical movements freely. Unfortunately his movements, probably expressive to himself, do not always impress the players with his intentions. There is also more than a hint of Svengali about them; he seems rather to be mesmerizing his orchestra than to be leading it by beat or rhythmic gesture.

For Nine Soloists

The excellent body of selected players, informed by Scherchen's especial practice in such works, could not make Krenek's Symphonic Music for nine solo instruments convincing. The work seems to be laid out for one medium and conceived for another. The actual effect is that one seems to be listening to a symphonic orchestral composition with half the players absent. On the other hand, though the Adagio has some richly colored fabric, the general outlines of the work are vague, spasmodically broken by over-emphatic bursts. Even more was this monotony of mood,—a sort of neurasthenic vivacity—plain in the Hindemith work, though this is laid out for the instruments with masterly acumen.

Hauer's work, Transmutations is a chamber oratorio for soloists, chorus and chamber orchestra to poems by Holderlin. The characters are Dictima, soprano; Antigone, mezzo; a

Seeress, contralto; Hyperion, tenor; Oedipus, baritone, and Empedocles, bass.

A large amount of this music is expressed with an imaginative sense of dramatic color. The beauty of much of it is self-apparent; but so also is the often rather self-conscious exhibitionism of jangling nerves, expressed in corresponding grinding sonorities. Nevertheless it remained the most individual contribution of the evening.

Pro Arte Quartet

Truly admirable ensemble distinguished the Pro Arte Quartet's concert at Wigmore Hall. Hindemith led the program with the Fourth Quartet. This is less pleasant music than the one heard at the B.B.C., Contemporary Chamber Music concert; but it has more definite personality. On the other hand, it treads heavily in the Passacaglia and with a certain stilted self-consciousness. The ensemble, Mme. Onnou, Prevost, Halleux and R. Maas, Belgian in origin and playing under the patronage of the Belgian Ambassador,—is unique in its finesse, truly combining the Flemish solidity with the Walloon subtlety.

Russian Suite

The feature of the excellent ensemble of Anthony Bernard, the London Chamber Orchestra, a pioneer body, at the New English Music Society, was the first concert performance of a suite from Lord Berners' delightful Russian Ballet work, The Triumph of Neptune. Here is music where this satirical talent permits himself more definitely poetic expression. Above all, there are finely racy tunes colored with harmonic invention and amusing orchestration. It has at times the old-world grace of a broadsheet, but rescued from sentiment by modern humor. A finely played Purcell string suite, from that great Carlovian's manuscript dramatic works, led the program. There followed Warlock's delightful Capriol in its original form for chamber orchestra. Thurston appeared as an inspired soloist in the lovely Debussy Rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra.

The Musical Music Hall

General satisfaction is felt with the appointment of George M. Saker as conductor at the London Coliseum in succession to Alfred Dove, who takes over the entire musical control of the big British Stoll music hall circuit. Saker has for so young a man, a brilliant career behind him. He is one of the new British type of music hall conductors truly musical and a graduate of the Royal Academy. He is also an excellent composer. The Coliseum has to its credit seasons of Diaghileff Russian Ballet and first productions of stage works by many British composers, and of foreign mimes and ballets.

OVERLIN, OHIO.—The Cleveland Orchestra, led by Nikolai Sokoloff, made its second appearance of the year in Finney Memorial Chapel on Nov. 27. Harold Bauer, pianist, was heard recently by an enthusiastic audience. Recitals have been given by faculty members of the Oberlin Conservatory; Reber Johnson, Raymond Cerf, W. K. Breckenridge, Denoe Leedy, Morris Hastings and the Oberlin Conservatory Trio presenting interesting music.

G. O. L.

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Jonny Steps Over Boston's Threshold

And Koussevitzky Gives Novelties

By Elizabeth Y. Gilbert

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Krenek's Jonny, (he who spielt auf) placed one foot over the American threshold when a Fantasy from the opera bearing his name was played by the Harvard Pierian Sodality in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, on Dec. 19. Nor has Jonny been the only newcomer in these parts, since Serge Koussevitzky, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, Dec. 14, produced two novelties, La Symphonie by Boluslav Martinu, and Aaron Copland's Two Pieces for String Orchestra.

Welcoming Jonny

It was Nicholas Slonimsky, conductor of the Boston Chamber Orchestra, who, baton in hand, played the role of host to Krenek's artistic son. It is believed this was the first time any part of Jonny Spielt Auf had been publicly heard in the United States; certainly it was a premiere for Massachusetts, and the audience was so taken with this music that Mr. Slonimsky was persuaded to repeat a portion of it. It seemed to us the excerpt would be more suitable for dancing than the glacier climbing to which it is wedded in the opera.

Program All New

The entire program was new to this state. Modernists receiving attention included Leo Ornstein and Bela Bartok, the former being represented by his Tragic Prelude and the latter by Three Rumanian Folk Dances. One imagines the Prelude must have been written when Ornstein was a younger man than he is today, for it contains none of those unhealthy moods of, say, The Corpse. Earlier in the evening came the first movement from Paul Allen's Pilgrim Symphony, which is remarkable for the freshness of its idiom. In development it resembles Franck, but its melodies are sometimes reminiscent of current musical comedies.

Walter Spalding, of Harvard's music department, reminded the audience that to form an accurate criterion for musical judgment, the difference between amateurs and professionals must be remembered—that the Pierian Sodality was an amateur organization. But under Mr. Slonimsky it acquired professional unity and co-operation. This performance was simply another evidence of his versatility.

Czechoslovakia's Flag

We have become accustomed to orchestral works inspired by everything from a nightingale to a locomotive; Martinu's Symphony, which was only one important feature of Mr. Koussevitzky's program, was written to immortalize the first national flag given to a Czechoslovakian regiment in France in 1918. The tempo is that of a march. It is a good piece of workmanship, but contains little of significant content. The Pieces for String Orchestra, composed at intervals of five years, reveal a different Copland from that of the Pieces for the Theatre. No jazz rhythms or percussive surprises and not many modern harmonies are to be found in them. Straightforward and unprepossessing, they are entertaining as melodic fragments. The symphony of this occasion was Franck's.

The soloist was Lea Luboshutz, violinist. She played Prokofieff's Concerto, which reveals the composer in his most academic frame of mind, with appropriate boldness.

Of special interest on the program given by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Dec. 13, was the appearance of Leon Vartanian, pianist, who won the Mason and Hamlin prize at the New England Conservatory of Music last year. Mr. Vartanian chose Chopin's Concerto in E minor and gave it a reading that was entirely sympathetic. He has a technic which allowed him to do full justice both to rhythmic fantasies and tender nuances; and throughout the performance he adapted his tones to the mood, whether that was fantastic, lyric, or prestissimo. He is a young man who promises much, and we understand he will again play under Mr. Koussevitzky's baton.

The orchestra was heard, by itself, in Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 12, and Franck's Symphony.

In Joint Recital

Isabelle Burnada and Oliver Stewart gave a joint vocal recital on Dec. 3 before an audience that was quick to show its appreciation. Not only are these singers well grounded in the art of clear diction, not only were their duets evenly balanced in intensity and contrast, but their program was intelligently chosen. Mr. Stewart sang arias from Handel's Somni Dei and Meyerbeer's L'Africana. Miss Burnada may be complimented on her interpretive abilities. Especially in Schubert's Erlking and O Mio Fernando was her rich voice shown to its best advantage.

Heinrich Gebhard, Boston composer pianist, gave a recital on Dec. 17, in which he included the Moonlight Sonata, Bach's Italian Concerto, Liszt's Rhapsody No. II, and some of his own works. Of the latter, the Waltzes for two pianos, played with his pupil, Elizabeth Perkins, were the most interesting and spontaneous. They are pretty and not banal. His other pieces, Moon Children and Voices of the Valley, are, incidentally, said by the composer to be "taken from nature." As a pianist, Mr. Gebhard is romantically inclined—but he can effectively check himself when he can be for a crisp and business-like staccato.

Popularizing the Classics Wins Rochester's Enthusiasm

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The Musical Art Quartet was heard for the first time in Kilbourn Hall on Dec. 4, playing a program that was evidently put together to popularize such performances, a wise proceeding and one productive of charming results.

The list opened with Mozart's Quartet in G Major, and ended with the Debussy Quartet, Op. 10. In the middle was a group of three Novelettes by Glazounoff—Interludium in modo antico, Valse and Alla Spagnola,—all melodious and rhythmic, if nothing else. The playing of the artists was so vivid and fresh and had such an element of freedom and spontaneity, that the audience caught the infection of its enthusiasm and responded accordingly.

Orchestral Novelties

The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Eugene Goossens conducting, was heard on the afternoon of Dec. 7. The symphony was Borodin's, No. 2 in B

MRS. E. HARRIS DIES

Her Illness Began on Thanksgiving Day

Dorothy Kirkpatrick Harris, wife of Edward Harris, former music critic of the San Francisco Bulletin and an accompanist of prominence, died in Pittsburgh on Dec. 4. Mrs. Harris was the daughter of the late John Kirkpatrick, noted Australian architect.

She had remained in San Francisco for a month after Mr. Harris came east recently. He had gone to meet her in Pittsburgh, at the home of his mother, where they were to spend Thanksgiving before coming to this district together. On that day Mrs. Harris complained of feeling ill and a physician was summoned who pronounced her ailment influenza. A day later pneumonia developed. Her condition had been hopeful until early Tuesday morning, when she had a relapse. Death came that afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris had been married only since February of this year. She was twenty-five years old. Mr. Harris expects to remain in New York for an indefinite period.

PITTSBURGH NOTES

PITTSBURGH.—The Max Shapiro Quartet gave a fine concert at the Y. M. and W. H. A. on Dec. 9, the program including Brahms' C minor quartet, Griffes' Indian Sketches, and Warner's The Pixy Ring. This ensemble, composed of Max Shapiro, Herbert Lomask, Milton Lomask and George Curry, has been advancing steadily and now ranks with the best.

The Western Pennsylvania Chapter of the American Guild of Organists recently presented one of its festival services in Trinity Cathedral. The recital was given by Alfred Hamer, Cathedral organist, with a postlude written and played by Frank L. Sealy. Works by Vierne, Coleridge-Taylor, Rachmaninoff and Ireland made up the rest of the program. James Philip Johnston is dean of the chapter.

The student orchestra of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, under J. V. O'Brien, played a Schubert symphonic program in Carnegie Music Hall on Dec. 9. Margaret Husband, Paul Brautigan and Josephine McGrail appeared as soloists, accompanied by Lucille Burrell and Charles Shotts.

The Tuesday Musical Club has awarded a scholarship to Esther Edmundson, of Mount Lebanon.

W. E. B.

minor, a first performance for Rochester. Lucile Johnson Bigelow was soloist in Debussy's Sacred and Profane Dances for harp and orchestra, and in Piere's Concert stuck for the same combination.

Another first Rochester performance was that of the Dance of the Seven Veils from Strauss' Salome. The audience liked it.

Mr. Goossens conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra again at the fourth matinee on Dec. 14, with George McNabb, as piano soloist. The program consisted of Rubinstein's Concerto No. 4, Delius' rhapsody, Brigg Fair, and works by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Haydn and Rossini. The concerto was given a fluent and colorful rendering. The Delius number was a first Rochester performance.

Fritz Kreisler gave a recital in the evening in the Eastman Theatre, accompanied by Carl Lamson.

MARY ERTZ WILL.

Stock Leads "America"

*Tremendous Ovation
Given Bloch Work*

By Albert Goldberg

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on Ernest Bloch's America, its first performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Frederick Stock on Dec. 21 and 22 called forth a popular reaction such as no new symphonic work in memory has produced. At the conclusion of the symphony on Saturday night the audience arose almost of one accord and bestowed tremendous applause upon the work and the magnificent interpretation offered it by Mr. Stock. At first the orchestra declined to share the ovation with its leader, but after repeated urging stood with him, whereupon the applause reached frantic heights. Even the staid Friday matinee audience, notoriously reserved in its expressions of enthusiasm, was reported to have shaken off its complacency and given evidence of having been profoundly moved by the novelty. There can be no doubt of the popular success of America in Chicago.

Individual opinion for the most part seemed to coincide with the collective verdict of approval. In an interview in the Daily News Mr. Stock said: "Ernest Bloch's work is in every respect the most meritorious of all those submitted in the contest. Of the ninety-seven submitted, eight could be called notable contributions to American symphonic literature. He has created a work which, in my opinion, will have a decidedly important bearing upon American music in general."

While of the splendid effectiveness of the piece as a whole not a dissenting voice was heard, it was curious to note that many found the profuse use of native themes distasteful. Yet when called upon to give a valid reason for their objections, almost all were forced to admit that intrinsically these melodies had character and vitality, and that they seemed commonplace only through association and familiarity. It was a strange outcropping of the American artistic inferiority complex which considers everything familiar and near at hand musically beneath notice but glorifies everything exotic and European as being of highest worth. A similar use of European folk tunes would doubtless have received ecstatic praise from these objectors, who overlook the fact most of these same tunes have been longer and more widely familiar than any young American tune could possibly be, and in many cases far more sordid in their associations.

In his mastery of cumulative interest and of stirring emotional effect as the anthem slowly but inevitably developed, Bloch has reached across the ages and joined hands with the master architect of them all—Ludwig van Beethoven.

Of the beauty and variety of the orchestration, of the value of the fundamental conception and of Bloch's original contributions, the resounding success of the piece speaks more eloquently than any word of ours. We need yet only assure Mr. Bloch that his work was accorded a presentation that bespoke not only the utmost care in preparation but that also benefited by that rare quality in a symphony orchestra in mid-season—enthusiasm.

Still another American product, a human one, engaged attention at this concert. Rosa Linda, a pianist counting but fifteen years, was the soloist, playing Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia. If America marked an advance for American music in one direction, this astonishingly gifted young artist pointed an advance in another, for her training has been entirely received in

MISS CHAGNON RETURNS



LUCIA CHAGNON, who fulfilled engagements in Europe during the summer, returned to America on the Paris, Dec. 16. After conferring with her New York managers regarding her forthcoming concert tour, she went to her home in West Warwick, R. I., for the holidays. Abroad, the young American soprano coached at Salzburg with Lilli Lehmann. Miss Chagnon had no vacation, her time being entirely filled with study and singing.

Among the places where she gave concerts were Hamburg, Cologne, Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich, Vienna and Budapest. Miss Chagnon, who is of French-Canadian parentage, began her studies in America and won her first successes in this country. Recitals have been booked as follows: Boston, Jan. 19; New York, Jan. 23; Lexington, Va., Jan. 24; Staunton, Va., Jan. 25; Chicago, Feb. 20; New York, March 6.

this, her native city. It would be idle to submit that any fifteen-year-old realized all the possibilities of Franck's great piece, yet she discovered so much of gracefulness and charm, and her keyboard mastery was so complete that the result was of consistent interest throughout. In the Hungarian Fantasy Miss Linda was quite in her element. Her rhythms were invigorating and sometimes more exact than those of the orchestra, her tone was fluid and sparkling, and the speed and abandon with which she dispensed the Liszt be-devilments was quite breath-taking. Barring accidents, the future of Rosa Linda should be of the brightest.

In Los Angeles

(Continued from page 3)

future portrayed in the last movement. Bloch has something of especial cleverness in using the spiritual element with the stress of all mechanical aids, working up to a mighty climax which reaches its logical culmination in a natural and spontaneous outburst of song. The audience arose en masse and joined in the inspiring anthem.

Mr. Schneevogt had given the score more careful attention than has been his wont lately, resulting in an unusually smooth and clear enunciation of the subject. Interest in the novelty overshadowed the performance of Sowerby's overture, Comes Autumn Time, and the compelling artistry of Sophie Braslau, contralto, who sang two songs of Moussorgsky and a cycle of Brahms' Zigeunerlieder. Leopold Stokowski conducts the next pair of Philharmonic concerts, on Jan. 3 and 4, the program being devoted to Bach and Samuel Gardner.—Hal Davidson Crain.

Crowd Hall For Premiere

12,000 San Franciscans
Hear Bloch Symphony

By Marjory M. Fisher

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21st.—Twelve thousand persons pushed their way into the Civic Auditorium last night to hear the premiere performance of MUSICAL AMERICA's prize score—"America" by Ernest Bloch. Seats seldom if ever sold for concerts—and located where it was impossible to see the stage but perfectly possible to hear the music—were fully occupied. As many extra seats as the law allows were placed in the balcony and elsewhere, and standees lined the walls and stood four deep at the rear of the house. It was generally conceded to be a record breaking attendance.

The stage was appropriately decorated with red and white striped banners, the American coat-of-arms, Christmas trees, poinsettias, and greenery. And somewhere in the house was Ernest Bloch—the man the people had gathered to honor. Mr. Bloch had loyally refused an invitation to conduct his work in Los Angeles in order that he might hear "America" in his home city, (the city in which it was written) under the direction of his staunch friend, Alfred Hertz. The composer had attended the San Francisco rehearsals, and Mr. Hertz consulted him frequently in order that the audience might hear "America" played as the composer wished. It is therefore quite safe to say that the San Francisco performance was as authentic as it was humanly possible to make it in the rehearsal time allowed.

There were passages that seemed to drag and in which one felt a lack, but the scholarly orchestration commanded interest and respect. The first movement brought forth friendly applause. The second section, with its beautifully played solo passages and familiar tunes was still more warmly received.

The jazz episode in the third part caused peals of laughter to reverberate throughout the house. The highly materialistic section caused some bewilderment and some criticism. The anthem brought forth many statements to the effect that it is worthy of adoption by the nation. At its conclusion, the composer came forward to accept his share of the applause. A laurel wreath was presented to him. The orchestra honored him with a *tusch*. There were those who hoped for a speech, but none was forthcoming. Thus endeth the tale of the San Francisco premiere of "America."

That it is reportorial rather than critical is due to the fact that we San Franciscans are too close to composer, conductor, and orchestra, to gain any sense of perspective sufficient for unbiased analytical criticism. Mr. Bloch has written what might be termed a "revue." With its shifting scenes and colorful episodes, its tunefulness and story-telling qualities, it would seem to possess all of the essentials for tremendous popular appeal. Yet it is never cheap.

Mr. Bloch once told the writer that "America" is his best work. We do not think so. It will be his most popular if orchestras can inject half of the emotional fervor into the reading of the score that Mr. Bloch wrote into it. San Francisco's eighty odd players failed to do that. Had they done so, the ovation would have been even greater.

Preceding the performance of "America," Dr. Hans Leschke led his Municipal Chorus, soloists, and orchestra in a finely balanced presentation of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." Eva Gruninger Atkinson, Charles Bulotti, and Donald Pirnie were the soloists.



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Schubert in Japan

Schubert centennial activities in Tokio, Japan, included a concert by the Takaradzuka Symphony Orchestra. This organization was founded by Dr. Joseph Laska, a German, in 1923, on a small amateur basis. Since September, 1926, it has been a regular, professional orchestra, with concerts on the third Saturday of each month.

SCHNEEVOIGT
DECORATED

LOS ANGELES.—Georg Schneevoigt, Finnish conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, has been created Commander of the Order of Orange Nassau by the Queen of Holland, in recognition of his work as conductor of symphony concerts at Scheveningen, Holland, last summer.

FLONZALEYS DINED

The Flonzaley Quartet, bringing to an end this season their twenty-five years of ensemble playing, were honored at a dinner in the Hotel Commodore, New York, by the Bohemians, a club of New York musicians. Over 600 attended. Rubin Goldmark was the only speaker, and music was furnished by the Salzedo Harp Ensemble, the English Singers and Dr. Sigmund Spaeth in his Musical Parodies.

It is reported the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will tour America in 1929.

Wanted—A Little Dementia

By Irving Weil

(Continued from page 13)

either in the Abbe Prevost's tale or in the winning sweetness of Massenet's music; for anything else, for a true reflection of the earlier eighteenth century in France, one must go to Choderlos de Laclos' *Les liaisons dangereuses* (Hazardous Entanglements) and it would take more than a Massenet to set that.

But for what it is—and it would be critical folly to expect it to be what it isn't—Massenet's *Manon* is a delightfully consistent and fluently lovely thing. Its music bears its young middle age very well. Its sentiment has the quality that the French call *douce*. And it quite plainly still had its firm appeal last week to a present-day audience.

Doubtless that was because this "revival" (for the work had been out of the Metropolitan repertoire for something more than five years) was actually a revival in every sense. The opera, indeed, was given a performance that was like a jewel in the sensitive brilliance of its special beauty. It was the most significant—as a fact, the only significant—production thus far in two months of opera.

FOR this two people, it appeared to us, were primarily responsible, Miss Lucrezia Bori was one of them and Mr. Wilhelm von Wymetal, the stage director, was the other. Miss Bori's unforgettable portrayal of this adorable cheat, cheat at love as well as all else, whose emotions are nonetheless forever quieting her itching palm—this fascinating piece of illusion transcended the importance or the unimportance of Massenet's music. And Mr. von Wymetal, it seemed, with a little of the highly individual and stubborn dementia that he is not, perhaps, often permitted, keyed all the rest of the performance to hers. For it was she who was the heart of it.

We have all of us been graciously throwing the adjective, charming, at Miss Bori for so long that we have not realized how preposterously inadequate it has become. We have not realized that a truly great actress has been growing up in her, and a singer to match the actress. She is no child, to be sure, and she has been at the Metropolitan now for a considerable number of years; but her art has been getting ever finer and more polished, ever more minute and more mature in its implications, until today it fits into the Metropolitan's oldest and most exacting traditions.

Certainly, on Saturday, Miss Bori's *Manon* was not alone one of the most superbly rich and full pieces of acting we have ever seen on this stage (and seldom enough on any other), but it was also one of the most emotionally affecting. We should have to go back quite a few years to think of anything to equal it; nothing even remotely approaches it just now.

You believed in this *Manon*, in this lovable and forgivable creature who never really existed anywhere outside the Abbe Prevost's sentimental imagination; you believed in her because you believed in everything that Miss Bori made her do—in every change of expression that fitted over her features, in every change and turn of posture, in every facile and pointed and exquisite gesture. The character was built up bit by bit, or with a rush of significant detail at climactic moments. And always the intelligence, the sincerity, the skill in the "composition," as actors call it, were as fine and as right as the feeling behind them was profoundly touching.

AS a singer, too, Miss Bori has become a great artist. Her voice is not, indeed, of the heroic type and her effects are not, perforce, those of vocal splendor; but on the other hand, there is all the power behind the voice that her continent demands require and she is never driven to work in miniature. Her *Manon* was well able to pour forth her volatile soul in a sustained and pure lyric tone of apposite emotional hue and tint—the loveliest expressive tone now to be heard at the Metropolitan.

There was of course nothing to place beside this memorable *Manon*, but the rest of the performance was, as we have said, in character; in general, it was a performance without fustian, completely without the usual crass melodramatic emphasis. And in this result Mr. Gigli, the des Grieux, (who sometimes has pretty bad attacks of tenoritis) had his own excellent part. Singing in French opera is a chastening wand upon his Italian exuberance.

Mr. De Luca's Lescaut and Mr. Rothier's elder des Grieux were both remarkably fine portraits, remarkably well sung. And all the smaller roles had been well coached. Mr. Hasselmans conducted carefully and effectively, but he should have thrown something at his first horn, who seemed to have a military-band complex.

Egbert Dies
After ShockFormer Ithaca President
Had Been Failing

W. Grant Egbert, former president of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, died in the Memorial Hospital in Ithaca, N. Y., on Dec. 9, after a shock suffered the previous evening, following upon more than a year of failing health. He had retired from his active duties as musical director of the Conservatory last January.

Mr. Egbert was born in the village of Danby on Dec. 28, 1869. His musical talent was manifest when he was still young, and from 1890 to 1892 he was a student at the Joachim Royal Hochschule für Musik, in Berlin.

Studied with Sevcik

In 1892 Mr. Egbert returned to America and founded the Ithaca Conservatory, which has grown into the Ithaca Conservatory and Affiliated Schools, one of the leading institutions of its kind. Some ten years later he returned to Europe for three years' study with Ottokar Sevcik and other European masters of the violin. He was well known in this country and in the capitals of Europe as a virtuoso and teacher.

Mr. Egbert is survived by Mrs. Jerome Beller of Rochester and William Grant Egbert, his daughter and son. Funeral services were held at Mr. Egbert's Ithaca home on Dec. 11. A service dedicated to his memory was held in the conservatory's Little Theatre on Dec. 13.

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Musical Americana

By **HOLLISTER NOBLE**



A Gest Hesitates

Ashton Stevens, drama scribe of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, recently interviewed Morris Gest. Here is the typical Gestian broadside.

"In Paris a couple of years ago," remarked Morris sadly, "I was persuaded to give an audition to a promising young pianist. He played well; he played damn well; he took a brace of tunes out of Bizet's Carmen and played hell with them. I told him he was good."

"All right," he said, "you manage me. You take me to America and make us both rich."

"I laughed and said I'd do anything I could for him in a friendly way. But manage him?—that was something else again. I said 'No.'"

The moral of this story is that M. Vladimir Horowitz eventually found another manager and proved to be the sensation of two successive seasons when he reached America. Lately we have often observed tears in Gest's eyes when he listens to Horowitz play.

Party! Party!

We recommend that the Messrs. Herbert F. Peyser, music scribe, and Christopher Hayes, tenor, take over a couple of floors of the Commodore for their annual party next year . . . "gay galaxy," "scintillating throng," "wit and elite of the music cosmos," are original phrases we rake up to describe the mob which stormed the studio in Steinway Hall for their party last week . . . there were presents for all, some of them denoting a dangerous and penetrating knowledge of the habits of the respective recipients . . . even now Hayes and Peyser have hunting parties out scouring the wilds for rare gifts to grace their next year's feast . . . some of the victims last week included Hope Hampton (Philadelphia opera star) Elisabeth Rethberg, who also sings in opera, Mr. A. E. Doman, Jules Brulatour, Edward Ziegler, Gladys Axman, Marguerite Volavy, Mme. Italo Montemezzi, W. J. Guard, Samuel Chotzinoff, Richard L. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Downes, Mary Watkins, E. Bonner, Antonio Scotti, Tullio Serafin, H. Johnson, Pitts Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Neuer, Mrs. Mary E. Flint, Frank Perkins, Edwin Franko Goldman, oh yes—and Miss Minna Noble.

Van Der Stucken to Teach

Frank Van Der Stucken, whose fifty years of service in the cause of music were recently honored by a testimonial dinner at the Park Central has already mapped out his campaign for the next half century. Mr. Van der Stucken will undertake to teach the art of conducting orchestra and chorus and he asserts that fifty years of listening to and associating with great conductors of the past and present have taught him an infallible method of eliminating doubt, hesitation and nervousness from those who wish to undertake this work.

Note of Thanks

Three of the four caricatures appearing on Mr. Leonard Liebbling's Variations page of the Musical Courier last week were published in this reverent sheet about three months ago . . . they included sketches of Ravel, Gershwin and Paul Whiteman . . . then their travels began . . . the Courier Musicales picked the sketches up and published them in Paris with no credit lines attached . . . in due time they reached these shores and caught the eagle eye of someone on the Courier and they were published last week . . . it seems a proper time to extend our thanks to the Courier Musicales of Paris and to the London Musical Standard for their unparalleled generosity in reproducing sketches and caricatures from this paper . . . a recent issue of the London Standard contained nine large illustrations and drawings recruited from our fair pages . . . the credit lines, of course, were carefully removed.

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Will You? Won't You?

Little birdies have been whispering that M. Toscanini may or may not come over for his season's engagement with the Philharmonic-Symphony—it seems there was a certain cable recently from the Maestro and the wires have been hot since then. Official sources are certain the gentleman from La Scala will come.

Cherchez la Femme

As everyone now knows there was considerable doubt over Friday night's performance of Der Rosenkavalier until Mme. Jeritzka gallantly stepped into the breeches (of Octavian) and saved the night.

Mme. Jeritzka remarked to friends some time ago that she had decided never to sing the role of Octavian again and even thought of presenting her costumes of the part to some worthy museum. She does not like appearing in male garb and does not like the demands of the role in Strauss' opera. When studying the role she wore men's clothes about her studio for four weeks preceding the first performance in order to perfect her masculine impersonation.

Dr. Goldberg writes us from Chicago that the Chicago Daily Journal regularly subdivides M. Eugene Stinson's copy into two columns honestly headed Opera and Music.

An eagle eyed Canadian reporter tells us that Irene Pavloska of the Chicago Opera who married Dr. Maurice Elias Mesirow on the front pages of the press last week was formerly Irene Levi of Montreal.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1929



News Beat

As usual "Il Progresso," one of the leading Italian papers in this country, always keeps up with the music news and sometimes gets ahead of the game. Last week there was a felicitous review of the preceding night's Rosenkavalier (the season's first performance with the return of Grete Stueckgold) testifying to the fine vocal conditions of the principals and the ovations for Mme. Stueckgold and Mr. Bodanzky. The review was an excellent one but unfortunately Mme. Stueckgold was quite ill, the performance had been cancelled and Haensel and Gretel substituted. Incidentally, Mme. Stueckgold has been seriously ill and probably will not sing for some weeks.

Musical Miscellany

Yehudi Menuhin spent Christmas afternoon in a box at Traviata dismantling an expensive pair of opera glasses . . . he considers New York critics much handsomer than San Francisco dittos, is quite in love with Mme. Rethberg, although looking forward to a new affinity in the person of La Argentina who promised to dance for him . . . Miss Estelle Liebbling, vocal teacher, stated, at a recent dinner she has never fathomed the plot mysteries of "Il Trovatore," Mme. Galli-Curci replied that she had sung Dinorah for years and knew nothing about the plot, and five people fainted in the house at the last performance of The Egyptian Helen . . . all of them had dog eared copies of von Hoffmannthal's libretto clutched in their hands . . . Maurice Van Praag, personnel manager of the Philharmonic Symphony, was recently decorated with the French "Palm of the Academy." Mr. Damrosch immediately retaliated by presenting Mr. Van Praag with a large photograph of Walter Damrosch.

Bill Keene, veteran Metropolitan usher (on the "critics aisle") is recuperating from the flu with a six weeks vacation in Bermuda . . . has everyone seen Rene Pollain's solo shoes? The bearded first viola player of the Philharmonic-Symphony, when he has an individual passage to play with the orchestra, often retires to the wings, dons a pair of patent leather pumps and returns to celebrate his solo . . . the six singing Schuetzenchor brothers ought to be brought together sometime . . . Gustav is with the Metropolitan, Guido will appear with the German Grand Opera Co., the others are in the homeland presumably facing west.

Ship News

Those in peril on the sea: Leopold Godowsky, who landed here last July "for a three weeks visit" finally got off last week after his sixth sailing announcement . . . officers and stewards positively identified Mr. Godowsky and officials of the Park Central after a careful search of the premises cautiously remarked that it appeared as if Mr. Godowsky has really gone . . . Benno Moiseiwitsch left Shanghai, Dec. 21, on the President Madison for Vancouver . . . Orloff, pianist, landed on the Adriatic this week . . . last week E. F. Arbos, the Spanish conductor, and Chaliapin arrived on the Ile de France.

John O'Brien, recently appointed Chief Police Inspector by Commissioner Whalen has long attended opera and has a host of friends around Mr. Gatti's sanctum.

Wolf! Wolf!

The perils of Long Island wilds were vividly brought home to a visiting Russian a few days ago. Howard Taylor of the Judson Concert Bureau, Calvin Franklin, and Alexandre Merovitch (Russian colleague of Mr. Horowitz,) while motoring had a blowout on the deserted motor parkway. It was cold. Mr. Merovitch, who is not a geographer, recalled the steppes of his native land. Far away a dog bayed and another answered. Mr. Merovitch drew his coat about him and shuddered.

"Wolves?" he whispered.

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Toscha Seidel, violinist, and his bride, formerly Miss Estelle Mannheim, who were married New Year's day.

(International Newsreel)



Yehudi Menuhin, boy violinist, meets another famous star, on the moving picture lot in Hollywood. Charles Chaplin, famous comedian, is much interested in Yehudi's talent.

(P. and A. Photo)



Adamo Didur, Metropolitan Opera singer, with Marie Vignon, also a singer, to whom he was recently married in New York.



Reinald Werrenrath, baritone, at Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass., with his family—Mrs. Werrenrath, the singer's second wife, to whom he was married last February, George and Reinald, Jr., and Dorothy.



Commandatore and Mrs. Giacomo Rimini arrive in New York. Mrs. Rimini was formerly Rosa Raisa, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

(International Newsreel)



Mme. Frieda Hempel, entertains the widows and orphans of members of the police force at a Christmas party. Assisting her is Mrs. James Walker, wife of the mayor of New York City.

(International Newsreel)